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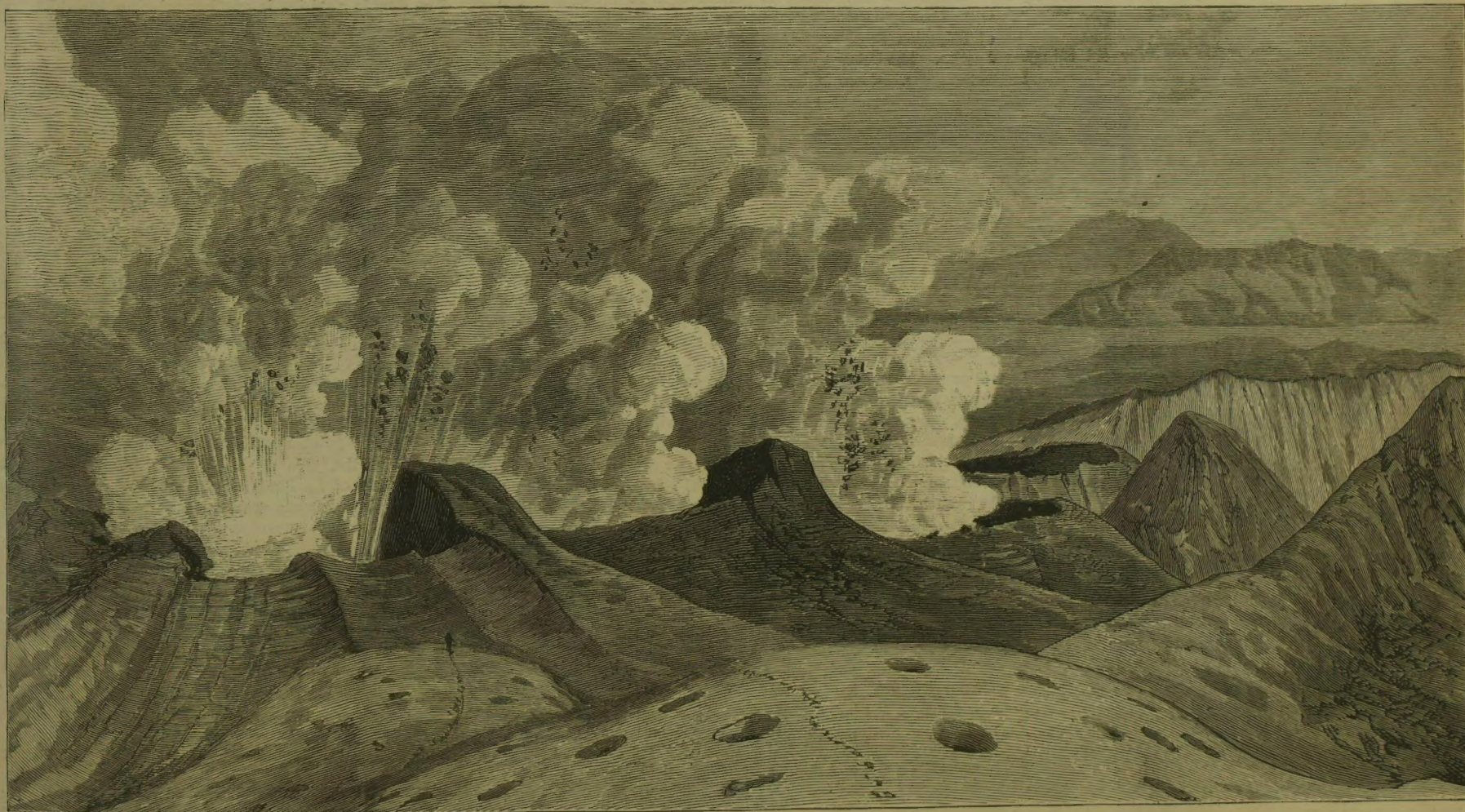
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THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.



MOUNT TARAWERA, THE VOLCANO THAT BROKE OUT ON JUNE 9, DESTROYING WAIROA AND THE SHORES OF LAKE ROTOMAHANA.

"This is a close copy from a sketch I took from nature on the Sunday after the eruption, which broke out on Thursday. Looking about east-north-east, one sees the split in the Tarawera mountain, with fire and smoke and steam in it; close to you is the boiling crater, where Rotomahana and the Pink Terrace were; the White Terrace was on the other side of the lake, and I could not see the place for steam."—A. J. Vogan.



VOLCANIC CRATERS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE TARAWERA DURING THE ERUPTION.

"I had to stand on mud and ash hills to take the sketch. The round marks are holes where the ashes filtered into cracks in the hill. Stones and mud are being ejected from the volcano. The ground is shaking with continual earthquake. There is not much smell of sulphur."—(Note by our Correspondent, Mr. A. J. Vogan, of Auckland.)

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I wonder who the mischievous idiot could have been who issued a number of post-cards purporting to come from 10, Downing-street, addressed to furniture dealers and others, and one of which missives was couched in the following terms:—"Come without fail, to clear away several dozen of old collars in good condition, old office-coats, dust-coats, old boots and shoes, and old hats, all in good condition, for which there is no further use." In a great many instances the bait was swallowed; and Downing-street, so the papers say, was besieged from morn to dewy eve by vans and carts.

If anything could aggravate the malicious imbecility of this so-called practical joke, it would be the circumstance that it was a miserably stupid plagiarism from the notorious Berners-street hoax perpetrated by Theodore Hook. To that arch buffoon is also due the disgraceful imposition played off on a once well-known London dandy, Mr. "Romeo" Coates, to whom Hook caused to be sent a spurious invitation to a grand ball at Carlton House. Poor Mr. Coates, arrayed in the most dandiacal manner, repaired on the appointed evening to the Regent's palace, to find, to his intense mortification, that he was not expected as a guest, and that he had been cruelly gulled.

Mem.: Many of the hoaxes ascribed to the Irishman, Daly, in Hook's novel of "Gilbert Gurney," had been actually performed by the novelist himself. Do you remember the extremely laughable incident of the sumptuous entertainment at which Daly took a band of foreign musicians, who had been engaged to amuse the company, into a reserved pavilion, of which he had procured the key, and incited them to eat up the supper prepared for Royalty? It is curious to remark how history will repeat itself in little as well as in big things. I remember, in 1864, an incident almost precisely similar to the Daly "joke" occurring at a magnificent fête given by a well-known German-American banker at Newport, U.S.A.

We ought to drink the very best coffee in the world. Jamaica and a dozen more coffee-producing colonies are ours. We can obtain from Java and from Brazil as much additional coffee as we require; and, last but not least, coffee-planting in our Indian Empire is going on apace; and the Indian Coffee-Planters' Committee now sitting at the "Colinderies" will tell us how and where to get really pure coffee of Indian growth. How is it that, as a rule, it is very difficult to obtain a good cup of coffee? It is generally badly made, from a worse substance. The answer to the question is simple enough and scandalous enough—Adulteration. It has been stated in a letter to the *Times* that some magistrates have absolutely declined to convict defendants summoned for vending as "coffee" a stuff containing ninety per cent of chicory. Chicory, the correspondent of the leading journal adds, has none of the constituents of coffee; and its sole use is as an adulterant. People might as well drink decoctions of charred wood as chicoried coffee: for the value of real coffee consists in its essential alkaloid, caffeine, which is supposed to act as a nerve stimulant, and to prevent waste of tissue.

Mem. No. 1: Voltaire drank coffee morning, noon, and night, until he was long past sixty years of age. It certainly failed to give him any visible increase of tissue; but then, perhaps, that skinniest of philosophers never had much tissue to waste. On the other hand, I remember reading in a preface to the collected works of Henri Mürger, that among the Bohemian set with whom he lived in Paris several became patients at the Hôtel Dieu through excessive coffee drinking, and that "abus de café" is a malady fully recognised by French medical men.

Mem. No. 2: Substitutes for coffee are very old things. There is a farce full fifty years old, and, of course, translated from the French, called "The Lottery Ticket," in which one of the characters, Wormwood—a lawyer's clerk, if I remember aright—says disparagingly of his stingy employer, "Calls his roasted corn coffee!" The first vendor, on a large scale, of roasted corn as a substitute for coffee was Mr. Hunt, the Radical. He made no secret of the ingredients of the preparation which he sold; but the drollery of it was that the Excise authorities wanted him to pay duty on his roasted corn. You see that he was a Radical, and wore a white hat: both unpardonable sins to the authorities in the Twenties.

What is the matter with Mynheer Van Dunk? Why has he been "on the rampage" at Amsterdam? I like him and his most quaint and original country, immensely. I have not the honour of Mynheer Van Dunk's personal acquaintance; but when I first went to Holland, some years ago, I had a letter of introduction to Mynheer Van Dam, who lived on the Dam, at Amsterdam. The Hollanders are a good people, brave and patriotic and charitable. "Providence," once remarked the graceless but shrewd King, Charles the Second, "will take care of the Dutch: they take such exceeding good care of their poor." Yes; and they are a most thrifty, laborious, cleanly, and ingenious nation. I admire their cheese, their pantiles, their dolls, and their clocks. Why have they been bursting out in rioting lately?

"R. G. W." writes as follows:—

The reason why Turks do not eat curry, is the same as why Persians do not eat curry—or, for that matter, why Russians or Swedes do not eat it—namely, that they do not live in a tropical climate requiring them to eat it. I believe Bruce, the traveller, was the first to make the observation that curry was generally used with food in climates where the action of the liver is naturally sluggish. We sometimes use curry, having imported the custom from India. The French, as you know, avoid it.

But I do not know that the French "avoid curry," over-confident "R. G. W." Curry is not by any means a common dish at a French table; still, it is a recognised and respected accessory to *la haute cuisine Française*. Curry is not a dish of yesterday in France. I find recipes both for the powder and the ragout in

Beauvilliers' "Art du Cuisiner"—the edition of 1815. Beauvilliers had been "officier de bouche" to Monsieur, afterwards Charles X.; and at Beauvilliers' restaurant in the Rue de Richelieu; the allied Sovereigns, Wellington, Blücher, the Hetman Platoff, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Quintin Dick frequently dined. A leading ingredient in Beauvilliers' curry-powder was "piment enragé." Enraged pimento: an expressive term.

Also do I find recipes for curry, or "kari," as the French call it, in "Le Cuisiner Royal," Paris, 1852; in the "Dictionnaire de Cuisine," Paris, 1836; in "La Cuisine des Ménages," by Madame Rosalie Blanquet; and in Jules Gouffé's monumental work. Naturally, curry recipes occur in Ude, in Carême, in Soyer, and in Francatelli. All these were *chefs* who had lived in England; but I wish to show that "kari"-lore abounds in French cookery-books written for French people. I am almost confident that Urbain Dubois also makes mention of curry; but his two big books are at the binder's, and I cannot verify my persuasion.

Mem.: The French *do* "avoid" turtle soup. Of mock turtle they are moderately fond; but the real article, callipash and callipee, green fat and fat fin, they eschew. A French "gommeux," fond of imitating English fashions, may assert that he likes turtle, but he is not to be believed. I have often sat by the side of the lively Gaul at a City feast, and watched his impressive countenance assume a variety of hues as he tried to do justice to his plate of "thick."

A word about anonymous letter-writers. As a rule, I take no notice of these rascals, and am content to remember what George Canning said about the sneaking, malicious, dastardly tribe; but occasionally, when the anonymous letters amuse me, I make an exception to my rule, as I did in the case of the wisacre at Odessa. Here, again, is a poor creature at Aden who abuses me anonymously because I have written a few harmless paragraphs about curry-stuff and curry-making. He insolently questions whether I know what Bombay Ducks are. The Bombay Duck is the Anglo-Indian relation of the Digby Chick. Alive, it is a fish called the bummelo; dead and dried, it becomes a duck. Furthermore, the creature at Aden tells me as insolently that I am altogether wrong in calling the thin, wafery, oily cakes sometimes eaten with curry, "poppydoms." I only found them in Ceylon; so I telegraphed to a friend in London, who has lived for forty years in Colombo, to give me the right name for the cakes. He replied, "poppydoms"; of course, I spell the word phonetically. But, ah! "Hobson-Jobson" comes to my aid. In Colonel Yule and Dr. Burnell's invaluable Anglo-Indian word-book I find—

POPPER CAKE in Bombay, and in Madras POPADAM. These are, apparently, the same word and thing, though to the former is attributed a Hindi and Mahratti origin—*pāpar*, and to the latter a Tamil one—*pappadam*, as an abbreviation of *paruppu-adam*, "lentil-cake." It is a kind of thin scone or wafer, made of any kind of pulse or lentil flour, seasoned with asafoetida, &c., fried in oil, and in West India baked crisp, and often eaten at European tables as an accompaniment to curry. It is not bad, even to a novice.

But really one cannot be very angry with anybody who is doomed to live at Aden. It is such a horrible hole. Edgar Poe would never have made "distant Aden" rhyme to "sainted maiden" if he had ever set foot on the almost red-hot cinder-heap in question; and if for his sins he had been compelled to reside there, with nothing to look at but camels, soldiers, cantonments, and Jews with corkscrew ringlets trying to sell third-rate ostrich feathers at Bond street prices. Aden!—ugh!

The thrifty have much to ponder over in the case of the will of the late Colonel Patience, which has just been a subject of litigation in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. The Colonel was a canny Scot, and served abroad for many years. When he left his regiment he lived in England, and he contrived to save more than £7000 out of his pay, never spending more than £2 a week. He died intestate, and it was ultimately decided by Mr. Justice Chitty that the estate should be distributed among no less than 101 persons more or less of kin to the deceased.

But it is the canny Colonel's thrift that interests the Distressed Compiler. Do you think you could live as a gentleman on £2 a week? I fancy that you could. Let us try three little sums. Sum No. 1: Lodging and washing, 10s.; food, 10s. 6d.; clothes, 10s.; charity, 9s. 6d. Sum No. 2: Lodging and washing, 8s.; but I need not specify the remaining items. If you are a vegetarian, a teetotaler, and a non-smoker; if you never go to the play, never ride in a cab, never buy any newspapers (you can read them at the coffee-shop where you breakfast), you can live very well on thirty shillings a week, and keep the remainder for Hospital Sunday. Sum No. 3: Be a sponge. Hunt tufts. Eat toads. Be careful always to lunch and dine out at the expense of other people. If you have an invitation for luncheon and none for dinner, eat and drink as much as you can at lunch; pocket some biscuits while the butler is not looking, and go without any dinner. The subscription to a good club, your gloves, and a rubber of whist once a week will not leave you more than about sevenpence-halfpenny a year for charity; but if you live in the way I have pointed out, I scarcely think you will be very charitably inclined.

What *is* thrift, after all? To my mind, the very best definition of the quality of frugality, or economical management of your incomings and outgoings, was that given by Mr. Henry Pulteney to an inquisitive young lady. "Thrift, my dear," he said, "is simply this. We will suppose that the weather is very hot, that you have walked a long way; that you are very thirsty; that you like beer; you are passing the door of an inn, and that it occurs to you that, next to a cup of nectar, a pint of beer would be about the nicest thing in the world. *Have half a pint of beer. That is thrift.*"

If the working classes would drink half a pint or a pint where they now drink a quart, or a quart where they now drink a gallon, there would be proportionately more meat on the workman's table and better garments on the backs of his wife and children; there would be more books on his shelves and prints on his walls. There would be less pawning of his Sunday clothes on Monday, to be taken out again on Saturday. There would be fewer domestic rows, less destitution, less misery, less disease, and less death.

I am not a teetotaler, and earnestly hope that I never shall be one. There are quite as many Biblical texts in favour of wine-drinking as there are against it; and besides, to take the pledge or wear a blue ribbon at your button-hole, or affiliate yourself to some Order or Band of something or another, seems as though you had no muscle of mind, no determination, no strong will. But I want the English people to practise the right kind of thrift by drinking just half of what they at present consume.

It is indeed truly gratifying to read how our distinguished Colonial visitors have been lately honoured by her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, by investiture with various orders. I should like, at the same time, to correct a slight error which has crept into the list published by the *Times* of the Colonial gentlemen so honoured. Among them I find the name of "Mr. John Von Haast." This is evidently a mistake for Doctor, now Sir Julius, Von Haast, the erudite, accomplished, and kind-hearted curator of the museum at Christchurch, "City of the Plains," capital of the province of Canterbury, New Zealand. The Christchurch Museum is not only the finest in all Maoriland, but is the most scientifically arranged collection in the whole Southern Hemisphere. The osteological specimens of the extinct and gigantic wingless bird, the Moa, are unequalled in their number and completeness; and thereby hangs a tale, which I should not venture to tell without the permission of Sir Julius Von Haast, but which I hope that he will relate to an applauding world.

I am constantly committing blunders of a most egregious kind. I am as constantly endeavouring to indicate the blunders of other people. Why did the well-informed correspondent of the *Times*, who sent home such an exhaustive account of the earthquake which has laid waste the Hot Lake region of New Zealand, repeatedly mis-spell the Maori word "Pa" as "Pah"? There is no such thing as a Pah, any more than there is such a term as "guerra al cuchillo," which should be "guerra a cuchillo"; any more than there is such a term in Spanish as "auto da fe," which should be "auto de fe." But there are errors in which the majority of mankind seem absolutely to revel, and which with heroic obstinacy they persist in committing. Rarely have I been able to persuade a lady that to say "the letter you wrote me" or "the book you sent me" is incorrect, and that the relative pronoun "that" or "which" would make the phrase correct. If she be a French scholar, I ask her, "Madam, would you say 'la lettre vous m'avez écrite,' or 'que vous m'avez écrite'; 'le livre vous m'avez envoyé,' or 'le livre que vous m'avez envoyé'?" In return I get a winning smile; and in the next sentence she deigns to favour me with she consistently leaves out the relative pronoun. If the relative pronoun be not wanted in the English language, let it by all means be kicked down-stairs and out of doors for good. But if it be deemed a desirable pronoun, let it be put in its proper place by persons with any pretensions to education.

The double genitive is another solecism to which a vast multitude obstinately and almost defiantly cling. The other day I dictated a leading article, in which I twice made mention of "the parish of St. George in the East." In dictating the words I remarked to my amanuensis, "They will make some alteration in St. George." Surely enough, the next morning, when I saw the article in print, I found "the parish of St. George in the East" carefully changed into "the parish of St. George's in the East," which practically meant "the parish of St. George, his parish." An illustrious example could be pleaded for the pleonasm. In 1852 the late Earl of Derby, writing to Lord Palmerston touching the death of the great Duke of Wellington, alluded to the interment of the Great Captain of the age in "the cathedral church of St. Paul's"; that is to say, "the cathedral church of St. Paul, his cathedral church."

I will finally have the hardihood to refer to a glaring mistake in one of the fables of Æsop—a mistake which seems to have been prevalent for some thousands of years, and in the perpetuation of which mankind still doggedly persists. I have many editions of Æsop, and I open at random the well-known folio (London, 1689) edited by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and therein I read the fable of "The Dog and the Shadow." I turn to the edition of La Fontaine, illustrated by Gustave Doré, and find another dog and shadow. I go to the Greek, and find *Kύων και Σκία*.

It was not his shadow and that of the piece of meat that the greedy dog saw in the water. It was his reflection. A reflection is no more a shadow than a duet is a fiddle. Granting that the water was stagnant and the sunshine strong, the shadow of the dog and his meat might certainly have been projected on the surface of the brook; but it would have been an opaque shadow, wholly without purport or significance to the voracious bow-wow.

On the day when this Journal is published, the Speaker-Elect of the Commons House of Parliament will appear in a stuff gown and a bob wig. So soon as he is elected, the First Commoner in England will appear in a silk gown and a full-bottomed wig. Will one or more of my numerous correspondents tell me why Speakers wear wigs and gowns, and how long they have worn these adornments?

G. A. S.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

Our Illustrations, from sketches and photographs just received, show the overwhelming and destructive effects of the sudden volcanic eruption of Mount Tarawera, on June 9, by which the Maori village of Wairoa was buried in ashes, more than a hundred persons, including six or seven English, were suffocated or scalded to death, and the beautiful pink and white silica terraces of Lake Rotomahana, famous all over the world, ceased to exist, while the Hot Springs district, almost unique for its wonderful display of aqueous volcanic phenomena, is extensively defaced, and transformed to a region of boiling mud and hideous desolation.

This district, which has been repeatedly described by travellers in their books, and some illustrations of which appeared in our own Journal twelve years ago, has recently become a favourite resort of tourists and visitors to New Zealand; and the sanitary benefits of the hot springs in the cure of rheumatic diseases have been experienced by invalids. It is situated quite remote from all the towns and agricultural and pastoral settlements of the colony, none of which are in the least degree endangered. The North Island of New Zealand, containing the former provinces of Auckland, Wellington, Taranaki or New Plymouth, and Hawke's Bay or Napier, with the chief towns on their coasts, is nearly 500 miles long, including the narrow isthmus at Auckland with the northern peninsula, and, in its main part, 200 to 300 miles broad. In the centre of its broadest part is Lake Taupo, in the midst of a wild mountain and forest region, from which the Waikato, the only large river, flows to the north. This region, with its native inhabitants, consisting of the remnants of Maori tribes not within the Colonial pale, has been most accurately explored and described by Mr. J. Kerry Nicholls, whose volume, "The King Country," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., is the best general account of it. Lake Taupo, the geographical centre of the whole island, has immediately south of it the lofty mountains of Tongariro, a mild active

or forest, the road led to Wairoa, a native village on a river of that name flowing into Lake Tarawera. We gave, the other day, a view of that lake, with Mount Tarawera, copied from one of Miss C. F. Gordon Cummings' water-colour drawings at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The surrounding scenery is, or was, highly picturesque and romantic. This lake was seven miles long and five miles broad, and the mountain, a truncated cone with steep sides, rising 1000 ft. above the lake, shining with red oxide of iron and obsidian, was a stupendous feature of the landscape. Lake Rotomahana, discharging its surplus water by an outlet two miles long into the Te Arikī inlet of Lake Tarawera, almost at the foot of the mountain, was itself but a small basin, one mile in extent, but its lovely cascade terraces or steps were the greatest attraction to visitors. They will never again be seen: Te Tarata, the white terrace, and Otukapurangi, the roseate pink, have disappeared for ever.

The White Terrace Cascade, Te Tarata, at the north-east corner of the lake, descended about 100 ft. from a huge geyser, a caldron of clear boiling water, on the fern-covered slope of the hill above. The geyser was 80 ft. by 60 ft. in dimensions, and 30 ft. or 40 ft. deep; its water of an exquisite blue colour, and sometimes rising and pouring into the lake. A space of nearly three acres below it, down to the margin of the lake, was covered with the white silicious deposit, in terraces or steps, of a curved, almost semicircular shape; there were some twenty of these, including those below the surface of the lake. The lowest were about 200 yards long, and broad, but not high, with shallow basins of tepid water, in which the Maoris delighted to bathe; the steps above increased in height, from 2 ft. or 3 ft. to 8 ft., but no two were equal, and they differed also in breadth, some being 30 ft. wide or more. The water contained in their respective basins usually varied in temperature, so that a bather could get an agreeable change from one to another. The material of which they were formed was like fine unglazed porcelain, alabaster, or gypsum; and the perpendicular front of each step was fringed deeply with very delicate stalactites, of a crystalline appearance. The rocks and banks on either side were luxuriantly overgrown with manuka, shrubs, ferns, mosses, and other plants. On the western shore of the lake was Otukapurangi, the Pink Terrace Cascade, generally overhung with clouds of steam. Its steps or terraces were smaller than those of Te Tarata, but more neatly shaped, and their substance was tinted with many diverse hues, not only of pink, but salmon-colour, orange, chrome, and other yellow, probably from sulphur; the large basins on the top, 60 ft. above the lake, were filled with water of an intensely blue colour, very hot, but not often boiling. It was certainly one of the prettiest sights in the world. Our Views of these beautiful scenes are from photographs by Mr. D. L. Mundy, formerly of Christchurch, New Zealand, but now of Melbourne. We have seen a more recent set of photographs, by Mr. Josiah Martin, of Auckland, which are of unsurpassed merit as representations of the natural wonders of the Lake Rotomahana district.

The eruption of Mount Tarawera was unprecedented in the memory or traditions of the oldest Maoris, no volcanic outburst from that mountain being on record. It began in the night, or at two o'clock in the morning, with repeated shocks of earthquake, and the opening of a crater in the mountain side, or rather the splitting of the mountain's side asunder, belching out fire and smoke, mud, stones, and ashes, in enormous quantities, with detonating sounds heard for many miles. The mud, pieces of rock, and ashes fell thickly upon the country four miles round Mount Tarawera, so as completely to bury the village of Wairoa, situated in a narrow valley, where the ashes lay 10 ft. to 14 ft. deep, and many of the people were killed before they could escape from their houses. Among these unfortunate victims were Mr. Hazard, the schoolmaster, and three of his children, while Mrs. Hazard and two of her daughters were got out alive; Mr. Edward Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who was travelling in New Zealand, and another Englishman, Mr. Brown, with his family, living near Mount Edgecumbe, on the east side of Tarawera, also perished, as well as more than a hundred of the Maoris. One very aged native, Tuhoto, who is reputed a soothsayer or prophet among them, was dug out of his own "whare," or house, four days afterwards, still alive and unhurt; he had a quarrel with some of his neighbours before the eruption, and then warned them of a coming disaster, so that he has now the credit of having foretold the eruption. The well-known female native guides, Kate and Sophia, mentioned by Mr. Froude in his "Oceana," were among those who perished. Lake Rotomahana, being nearest to the volcano, was quite overwhelmed by the vast quantity of matter cast upon it; the shores of this lake, with its pink and white terraces, were obliterated by the deluge of mud and the heaps of stone, pumice, and ashes, which have almost choked up the basin of the lake. The cloud of ashes, carried along by the wind, fell over the country for many miles, covering the rich pastures and the cultivated plots; many horses and cattle have also perished, so that there is much loss to agriculture; and some of the native people are threatened with starvation. It is possible, however, that when the rains shall have washed the ashes through the grass into the soil, the fertility of the country will be much improved by this distressing visitation.

Our correspondent, Mr. A. J. Vogan, of Auckland, was sent by a colonial newspaper, on the news of the eruption coming to hand, and reached Wairoa on Sunday, the 13th. He went by steamer to Tauranga, and travelled thence to Ohinemutu, where hundreds of fugitives had arrived. The earthquake had been powerfully felt there, early on the Thursday morning, and the volcanic fires and smoke had been seen at a distance, to the eastward, but fortunately the wind did not bring the cloud of ashes to that place. The subterranean waters and springs there had been violently agitated. Two courageous men, Mr. Edward Douglas and Mr. Edward Robertson, had gone to Wairoa, with a vehicle, in spite of the storm, to help

the sufferers. When Mr. Vogan got there, he found the village buried in wet mud, and people were at work clearing it away from the houses, and removing the dead bodies. He was one of a party of four, but the others declined to go farther, as the new volcanic craters on the shore of Tarawera, four miles off, were heard roaring tremendously, and seen throwing up volumes of dirt and steam. After helping to dig out the old chief Tuhoto, Mr. Vogan went on alone, with much difficulty, through the deep mud, and joined Mr. Percy Smith, the Government Surveyor, who had encamped near Kaiterere. Dr. Hector, the eminent official geologist of New Zealand, was met coming on the road next day. Mr. Vogan's sketches, made on the spot within four or five days of the beginning of the eruption, and while it continued to be active, will be appreciated by our readers as prompt and authentic records of this extraordinary operation of Nature. His panoramic sketch, looking round north-east, east, and south-east, from a spot on the south shore of Lake Tarawera, above the Te Arikī inlet, shows the whole line of volcanic craters still active, from the foot of Mount Tarawera, extending west or south-west, across Rotomahana, to the back of Te Hape o Toroa. There was, in fact, a vast crack in the earth opened for a length of five or six miles, with many volcanic craters in it. In conclusion, let us repeat that, however calamitous were its effects to the people living near Mount Tarawera, we are sure that the security and prosperity of no colonial settlement in New Zealand can ever be in the slightest degree affected by this or any similar catastrophe. The ordinary residences, property, and occupations of the European population in that colony, in every district they inhabit, are far out of reach of harm from volcanic disturbance of the earth, which is necessarily limited by known local conditions.

THE BLENHEIM SALE OF CHINA.

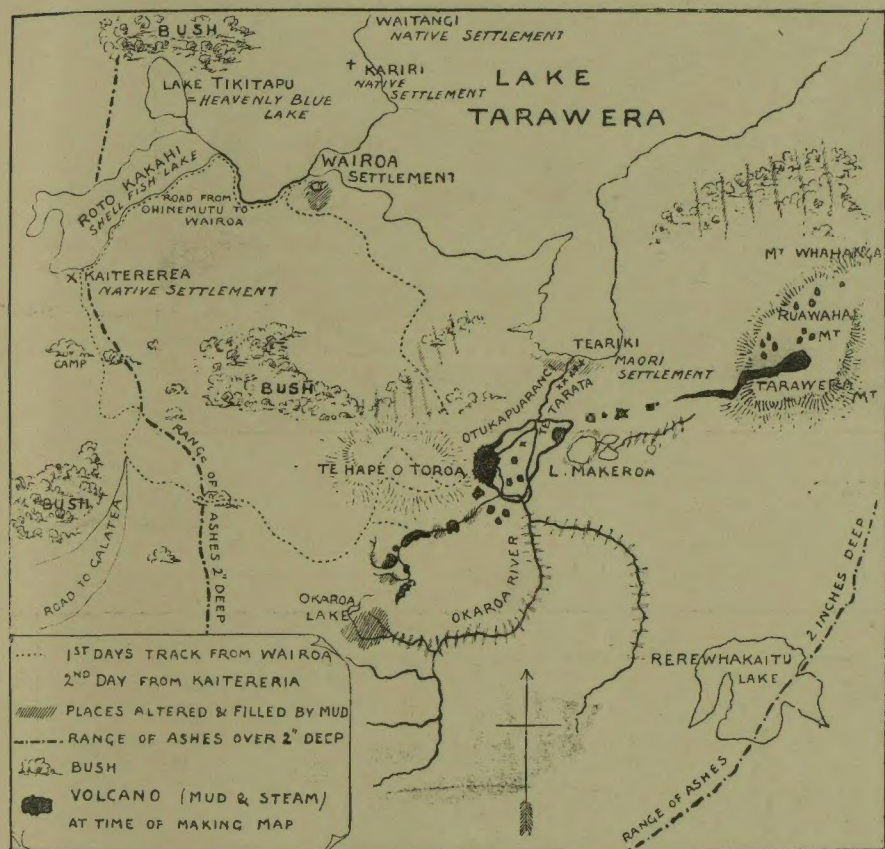
The sale, at the auction-rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, of the fine porcelain and china from Blenheim Palace, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough, commenced on Tuesday last. Our Engraving contains illustrations of some of the most admired specimens in this collection. The largest, as shown in the drawing, is of Chinese enamel, one of a pair, with cover, standing 3 ft. 6 in. high; its ground colour is powdered blue, and its sides are ornamented with four large blue medallions, one representing a summer-house and people in it, and with numerous small medallions of kyilins (fabulous dragons), utensils, and ornaments. Next to this is a two-handled vase of Chelsea porcelain, painted with large flowers in colours on a gold ground; the neck is white and gold, with maroon open-work; the handles and feet are of scroll form. The urn to the right hand, in the front of our Engraving, is a specimen of old Japan porcelain, one of a pair, decorated in low relief with trees and birds; the feet are shaped as human figures, in Japanese dress. Between this urn and the Chelsea vase, in front, is a tea-kettle of enamelled Chinese porcelain, decorated with baskets of flowers. To the left hand is a pot formed as a fish (old Japan porcelain); and of the same ware are the pair of figures of ducks, one of which is shown in our Engraving. The articles seen in the background are the hawk perched on a rock (old Japan porcelain, one of a pair), the large Chinese egg-shell vases (one of the pair), with raised and coloured flowers, and with a picture of a river-scene enamelled on each side; Chinese porcelain dishes, mazarin blue, with landscapes and flowers in five medallions; and one of a pair of beakers (old Japan), ornamented with red bands, and with figures and flowers.

THE SWISS BADEN.

As the name "Baden" is German for "Baths," and many places in German-speaking countries are justly famous for their medicinal waters, sometimes to be drunk and sometimes to be bathed in, nobody need wonder that there are several Badens in the south-west part of Central Europe. Baden-Baden, in the Grand Duchy of that ilk, is the most celebrated; and its too notorious Rouge-et-Noir gambling tables, which have been suppressed by the political reformation since the creation of the German Empire, often served both to point a moral and adorn a tale. It was the goal and fatal termination, as readers of Thackeray will remember, of that characteristic English family travelling-party, "The Kickleburys on the Rhine." Residents in the city of Vienna are probably aware of an Austrian Baden, a short distance from that pleasant capital, with which also we have nothing here to do. The Baden of Switzerland, the subject of our present Illustration, is situated in the Canton of Aargau, which in French is called Argovie, near the confluence of the Reuss and Limmat with the river Aar, which flows into the Rhine some fifteen miles below. Baden is forty-two miles by railway from Basle, where most English tourists enter Switzerland, and may be fifteen from Zurich. It is agreeably situated on the bank of the river, overlooked by the ruined ancient Castle of Stein, one of the old historic abodes of the Hapsburg ancestors of the reigning Imperial House of Austria; but when the Dukes of Austria were defeated, at Morgarten and Sempach, in their repeated attempts to put down Swiss independence, the patriots of the Confederation destroyed this feudal stronghold. The hot mineral springs of this place, as of many other places in Gaul, Germany, and Britain, were highly appreciated by the luxurious Romans, whose habits of life made them liable to all the diseases from which the rich men of modern England are apt to suffer; and Baden was visited, for purposes of cure, by the Emperors Titus and Vespasian, and by many Roman grandees. The waters are well in repute for their efficiency in cases of gout and rheumatic affections, and those of a cutaneous nature. The Grand Hotel, which is also the principal bathing establishment, is highly recommended, having good accommodation for families, and a hundred baths, with all desirable appointments. The general appreciation of these Baden waters, not only by foreigners, is proved by the existence of a separate establishment for middle-class Swiss and Germans on the opposite bank of the river, and of a sort of Hospital, where the poor are received for a small weekly payment, and obtain good medical advice. Fashion and gaiety, represented by thousands of the more opulent class of visitors, find entertainment in the fine Kursaal, with its elegant saloons, and the gardens, which are dignified with some relics of Roman antiquity, and are daily enlivened with good music by an accomplished band. The neighbourhood affords delightful excursions, and it is but a short journey to the lake of Lucerne.

Mr. R. G. Arbuthnot, Examiner in Common Law, has been appointed to the Council of Legal Education, in the place of Mr. Hugh Cowie, Q.C., deceased.

A gentleman, who stipulates that his identity is not to be made known, has paid into the Bank of England £14,980 in New South Wales Bonds towards the fund for erecting a new parish church for Portsea, on the plans of Mr. A. W. Bloomfield, the diocesan architect. The interest on the above sum up to July 1 was £280, so that the anonymous contribution amounted to £15,260.

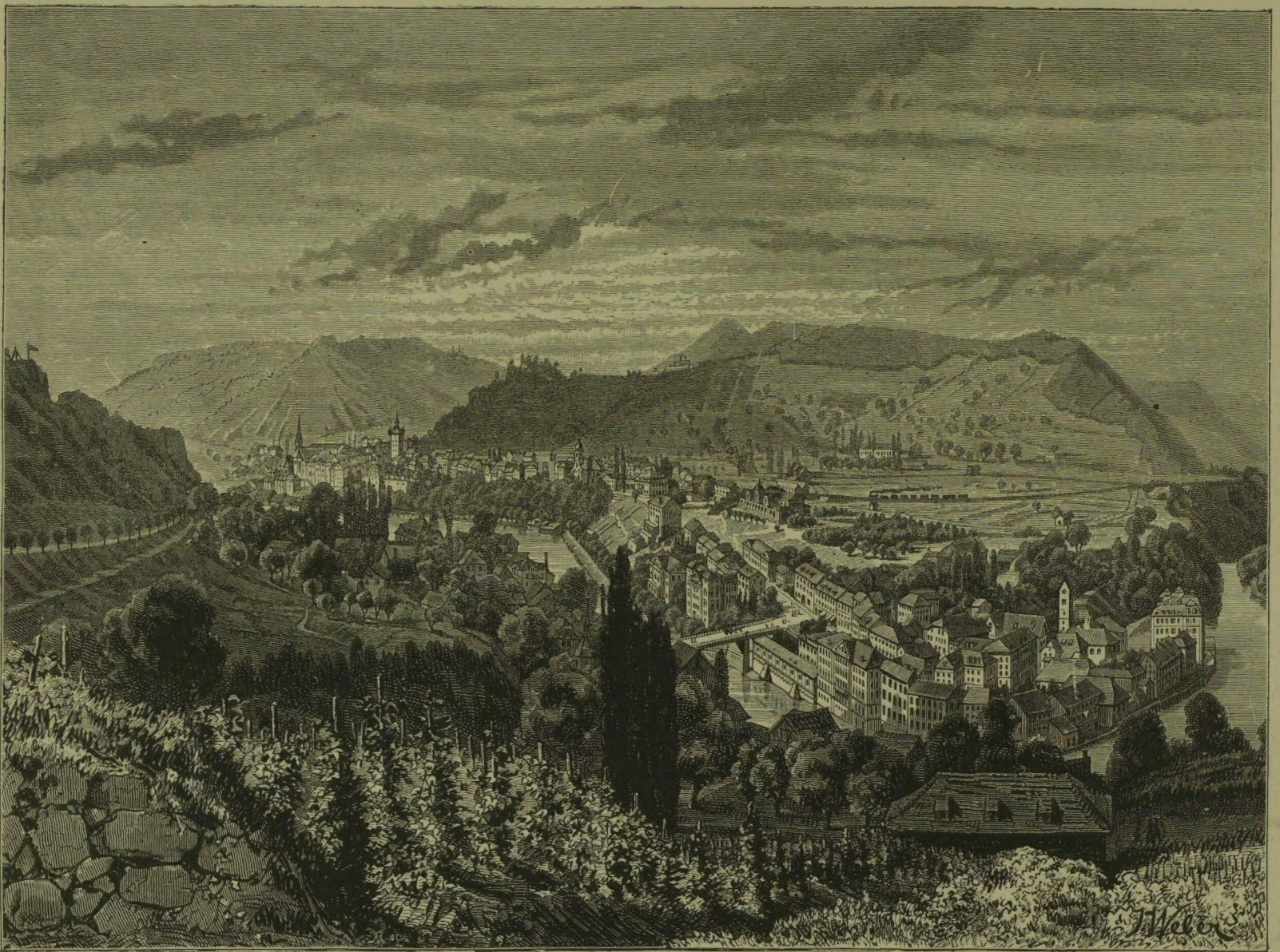


MAP OF COUNTRY AROUND LAKE ROTOMAHANA, SHOWING EFFECTS OF ERUPTION OF MOUNT TARAWERA.

volcano, and Ruapehu, which has long been extinct. It is nearly equidistant, more than one hundred miles in a straight line, from the sea-coast towns of New Plymouth, on the west coast, Napier, in Hawke's Bay, on the east coast, Wanganui, on Cook's Street, to the south-west, and Tauranga, northward on the shore of the Bay of Plenty. Auckland, the former capital city, in the north, and Wellington, the present capital of New Zealand, are at a still greater distance.

Although both the neighbourhood of Auckland, and the country around Mount Egmont, in Taranaki, are of volcanic formation, resembling some parts of Southern Italy, there are no signs whatever of any active volcanic forces in those parts. Earthquake has been felt at Wellington, but it was very slight. The subterranean disturbance of a remote geological date seems to have finally ended, in all parts of New Zealand, except in the region extending north or north-east of Taupo to the shore of the Bay of Plenty. This is the celebrated Hot Springs or Lakes district, which appears to be traversed by a line of subterranean fire, 120 miles in length, continued far out at sea in Whakari or the White Island, and perhaps connected with several remote islands in the Pacific Ocean. The effects of this volcanic agency in the plains have till now been manifested by innumerable jets of boiling water, hot mud, or steam, breaking out in numerous places, but especially around the groups of small lakes, Rotomahana, Rotokakahi, and Tarawera, Rotorua, Rotoiti, and several others, lying within thirty miles of the sea-shore at the Bay of Plenty. The surface water of the country, from the lakes and streams, is supposed to descend by various channels to the fiery stratum underground, and to return by the force of overheated steam, bringing up with it quantities of silica and other minerals. The beautiful terraces, or ranges of steps at Lake Rotomahana, which were similar to those of the Yellowstone region, beneath the Rocky Mountains, in North America, were formed of silica deposited by the cascades of hot water, and coloured, in one instance, probably with oxide of iron and with sulphur. The charms of the strange scenery were much enhanced by contrast with the dark green vegetation.

The land in this district belongs to the Maori tribe of the Arawa, and none of it could be purchased for settlement; but roads have been made, with their consent, and mission-houses and schools have been established, with hotels for visitors; and at Ohinemutu, on Lake Rotorua, forty-two miles south of the flourishing English town and seaport of Tauranga, there is comfortable accommodation for those using the medicinal baths. Ten miles beyond this township, through the Titikapu Bush



BADEN, IN SWITZERLAND.



SALE OF THE BLENHEIM CHINA AT CHRISTIE'S: SOME RARE SPECIMENS.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

I went to London and visited him one day at his lodging. He had a single room, which was his painting-room, and his living-room, bed-room, and kitchen.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GREEN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUNTESS OF DORSET SAILS.



ALWAYS knew," said Jack, "that Mr. Brinjes had been a pirate. I believe he was surgeon to Bartholomew Roberts, who was killed by Captain Sir Ogle Chaloner in the Swallow. Wherefore he ought, if he had his deserts, to be now hanging in chains with his brother pirates on the

Cape Coast. Fifty of them there are dangling in a row. Now we know that he is a cannibal as well, because it is certain he must have eaten up the other four men in the boat. I wonder how the last two determined the matter. And we know that he is the possessor of a great fortune buried under a palm-tree, on an undiscovered island in the South Seas. It is as useful to him as a bag of diamonds in the moon."

"But he says that he shall sail with you in search of it."

"Likely, likely," said Jack. "Who knows what may happen? He is, I take it, now a hundred years old. He keeps himself alive by his craft. If he was going to die I suppose he would begin to repent. As for his treasure, what do I care for his pieces-of-eight, unless it were to buy a frigate and man her with a gallant crew, and go fighting the Spaniards and the French?"

They were prophetic words, but this we knew not. Yet you shall hear.

Then the Countess of Dorset sailed away with Jack as one of her midshipmen, upon her long and perilous voyage. She was under orders to sail by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and to survey the coast of that vast unknown continent or island called in part New Holland and in another New Guinea. This accomplished, as far as might be possible, her Captain was instructed to cross the ocean and explore that other great island called New Zealand. She was to search after and report upon places which might be of advantage to the British flag. After this she was to continue her voyage of discovery even into the Antarctic fields of ice; to penetrate as near to the South Pole as was possible, and she was to return by doubling Cape Horn. So that, had she come home in safety, her crew would have circumnavigated the globe.

It would seem, I venture to think, consistent with the dignity as well as with the interest of a great maritime people, such as the English, were such voyages as this always afoot, so that when one exploring ship returned, another might be dispatched; undertaken not only for the discovery of unknown continents and islands, but also for the enlargement of commerce and the enriching of this realm. In the old days the world was nothing but the Mediterranean with the lands lying around that great sea. Man has extended it east and west, north and south, so that we can now boast that we know all the islands of the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—navigators say that in those seas there remains no more to be found—with the countries of Asia (even China and Japan have been described and exactly mapped by the Roman Catholic missionaries). We know the eastern coast of North and South America from Labrador to Cape Horn, and we are able to lay down the harbours and river mouths of Africa, though of its interior little has yet been visited.

There will perhaps come a time, if the English take the matter in hand without fear of Spain, when the whole world shall be fully explored, so that there will be nothing left to discover, neither strange races nor strange creatures, nor wonderful plants. My father, who had in his library a copy of the great "Mappa Mundi," or Atlas, of the late learned Mr. Senex, would often converse seriously on the possibility of finding, in some hitherto unexplored part of the world, the long-lost Ten Tribes, still, he would fondly imagine, practising the Levitical Law in its Mosaic integrity, without adding to it or subtracting from it, and in ignorance of the glosses introduced by Rabbinical and Talmudic doctors. He looked to find this people in vast numbers (in conformity with Prophecy) somewhere between the springs of Tigris and Euphrates, or, perhaps, more to the north, and even on the slopes and among the valleys of the mountains called Caucasus; but, he would confess, without crediting the idle legend of the Sambatyon river, which seems a monstrous story, they may have wandered farther afield, and perhaps are now on some remote island of the Black Sea, the Red Sea, or even the Indian Ocean. "The recovery of these tribes," he said, "would be a great consolation to pious persons, and would doubtless prove a mighty weapon in the hands of the faithful; or, apart from the Israelites, though this people must be ever foremost in our thoughts, it may very well be that these exist in some remote

countries which have had no intercourse with the outer world for many centuries, some people who were once a branch of the Roman Empire, and have never heard of its decline and fall, who knew nothing of Christ or Mohammed, or of the Hindoo superstitions, but still worship after the manner of the Greeks and Romans. 'T would be strange, indeed, to witness the rites of Jove and Venus; those of the great Sun god; of Ceres, the goddess of fertility; of Bacchus, the god of joy and wine; and of Pan, of whose death these people perhaps know not; or it would be strange to see them flocking to consult the oracles; and one would willingly, if it were allowed to a Christian, be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, long since lost, though some have pretended that they are concealed in the Sixth Book of Virgil's "Æneid," and some still look for them in Apuleius' "Golden Ass." Again, there must be somewhere on earth the wandering Jew, named Cartaphilus, Ahasuerus, or, according to others, Isaac Laquedem, who is credibly reported to have been last seen, and that not so very long ago, in Paris. To sit down and talk with him, if his memory is still good, would be like finding a Fifth Gospel. Or there may be in the interior of that great southern continent which they call New Holland great and powerful nations, with another civilisation than our own, and arts of which we know nothing. We have, it is true, invented gunpowder, the use of which, to rude people, appears a kind of magic; and we have contrived by our wit many ingenious mechanical devices. But there are, surely, many other secrets which man can compel Nature to surrender; and there may be tribes which possess these secrets—as, for example, if one may so speak without blasphemy, the command and control of lightning, which now strikes here and there at random, as we say, if anything in this world is suffered to be at random; and the mastery over the other elements of the earth—the wind, the storm, the ice, the snow, which now only obey the will and will of the Lord. Or there may have been discovered in these countries—who knows?—a universal medicine for all diseases; for, since death is the necessary result of decay or disease, when it is not accident, there may be races who have discovered some herb or simple by virtue of which natural decay may be prevented, and so man may continue to live as long as he please; which, for the devout Christian, who looks forward to his eternal rest, would not be long. Or there may even be found off-shoots or colonies of such ancient races as the Phœnicians, of which stock came the Carthaginians; and so we may, perhaps, at length learn by what accident this branch of the Semitic race—a most civilised and cultivated branch—hath left no literature at all, either of poetry or history; or of the Ethiopians, called by Homer, for some reason unknown to us, blameless. They were expelled from Egypt by the people whose descendants are now called Copts. Without doubt, they were an interesting people, and remarkable for their primitive virtue, which may have survived. I would look for them on the western shores of the Red Sea. Or somewhere in the world, perhaps in the Pacific Isles, or in the unknown heart of Africa, or the great continent of the Southern Seas, there may be races of giants, dwarfs, and amazons, for there must certainly be some foundation for the stories of such people. There is also the far-famed kingdom of Prester John, which some will have to be the Empire of Abyssinia, whose King and people are known to form a branch of the Christian Church. They boast themselves to be descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, which may possibly be the case, although Holy Writ affords no warrant for the belief. One would be pleased to learn also, if the many strange stories narrated by the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, be true, or whether he hath repeated things which were merely related to him, as is done by Herodotus. And again, there is the journey of Mandeville, in which are described men with but one leg, and hippotains, or creatures half horse, half man; so that there may be truth in the legends of Centaurs, though some have thought them to have been merely a people loving horses and addicted to riding.

"Then to descend to creatures: there are existing somewhere, perhaps, whether in the hot and burning forests of South America, through which the great river Oroonoko flows, or in the African deserts, creatures like the winged dragons of which so many stories have been told, with salamanders and other monsters; and in the sea, hideous monsters with bodies many fathoms long, the vast mass floating like an island on the ocean; and great calamaries, of which sailors have reported some with long arms capable of seizing and dragging down to the bottom of the sea, ship, cargo, crew, and all."

Thus my father would discourse at length; but Jack hath assured us that in this terrible voyage of his, they encountered nothing bigger than a whale, or more terrible than a shark; nor any winged dragon, or serpent more dreadful than the kinds already known; while as for Ten Tribes, or for any men who know more than the Europeans, or have acquired a form of civilisation worthy our attention, he does not believe that there are any such.

We looked not for any news of the Countess of Dorset for three years at least; because, on the voyage on which she was bound, there are no friendly ports where a vessel may receive or send home despatches, though, doubtless, many where fruit and water may be obtained. We did not expect, therefore, to hear any tidings of her until she should return. It was not until fully three years had passed away that we first began to ask ourselves when the ship might be expected to return.

But no news came of the ship, and no letters from those aboard her. The fourth year passed, and still there came no news; and so the fifth, and still no news.

Then those who remembered Jack Easterbrook, and loved him, began to misdoubt that something had happened to the ship; and, when the sixth year had almost gone without a word, there were few who kept up heart, or had any hope in them. As for the Admiral, he mourned for Jack as for his own son, believing that he must have been cast away with all the ship's company. "For," he said, "had they not all miserably perished, some intelligence would, ere now, have reached us. At the Navy Office they have written off the ship as wrecked, and the officers and crew as dead men, and the clerks have told the women who came to ask after their husbands that they may 'en look after fresh husbands; though this proves nothing. And, though ships have been known to be delayed and forced back by continual and contrary winds, or caught by storms and losing their masts, yet did I never hear of a ship overdue for three years, and then arriving safe. Long ago the underwriters, had she been a merchant-vessel, would have paid off the insurances. No, gentlemen, there is no hope. Our boy is drowned!"

"We were wrecked upon the island of Juan Fernandez," said Mr. Shelvocke, "where we lived, in great misery, on the entrails of seals and such like for many months; and should still be living there but for the armourer and carpenter, who built for us a craft, thirty feet long, in which we embarked, each strip dipped into the sea and dried in the sun. A more loathsome food 'twere difficult to find. Yet we escaped, taking the Spanish ship 'The Santo Jesu,' and so came safe home again."

"Then," said the Admiral, to whom this story was not new,

"the boy may still live, or, at best, he may linger on some island among the savages, living on shell-fish and the like; and so is as good as dead, since we shall never see him more—poor lad! poor lad! a braver boy never stepped."

"With submission, Admiral," said Mr. Brinjes. "That something must have befallen the ship I do not doubt. It is a sea full of coral reefs, sunken rocks, strange currents, and, in the northern and southern parts, there are, it is certain, sudden storms. We cannot guess what has happened; still, I am sure that the boy will come back to us. Ask your old negress, Admiral, who is a witch; ask Philadelphy if that boy's eyes when he sailed away were the eyes of one who is going to his death. She can read the eyes of men—ay, and has often read for me, sitting in my shop, in the eyes of those going forth to sea whether they will come back or no—and never once has she proved wrong. Now, Admiral, I have examined the chart over and over again; but can get no comfort from it, nor any clue to what may have happened. An ocean where there are no ports, and where there is but one vessel sailing across it, like the South Pacific, where the Countess of Dorset sailed upon—those waters can give no help. But that boy, Admiral, has not been drowned. And he will return to us. His fortune is long and stormy, as Philadelphy, at my request, hath proved in many ways: by the bowl, by the cards, by the mirror, and by the glass ball. I have also had his nativity calculated, and I learn the same story. And, by what small arts and knowledge I possess, I have learned that his life will not be cut off untimely. What, gentlemen? Do the stars lie? Is there no truth in the magic of the Mandingo woman?"

It is a consolation to know that a happy end to anxiety is certain, even by witchcraft. Yet Jack did not return, and no news concerning his ship.

Many of the crew were Deptford men—volunteers after the peace. Their wives, or widows, on the advice of the clerks in the Navy Office—who were now without hope concerning the ship—married again. This, however, is common among seafaring folk, and the worst that happens, should the husband come home again, is generally no more than a fight and a cracked skull, with forgiveness over a bowl. Nay, there have been known cases in which the true husband has contentedly renounced his wife, and either married another woman or gone away to sea again; perhaps to seek out a new wife in some other port.

These six years, as you may suppose, were not spent at home without changes. The elders seem to stand still and suffer no change during six years, unless it is that their locks, if they had any to show, would grow grey; but in these days of wigs and shaven cheek there is nothing (happily) to mark the approach of age, save the trembling limb and the crowsfeet, which cannot be concealed. As for me, I was fourteen, or thereabouts, when the Countess of Dorset sailed away; and therefore, after six years, I was twenty, and a man grown, though not to the robust stature promised by Jack when he left us. Castilla was now past eighteen, and, in my eyes, more beautiful, as they say, than the flowers in May. Nothing surprised me more when Jack returned (for I promise you that the black witch was right, and Jack did return) than his coldness towards this nymph. If a fine complexion, eyes of heavenly blue, melting lips, rosy cheeks and smiling mouth, with light hair curling naturally about her forehead, and a figure slight and tall: in short, if Hebe herself—who was the goddess of youthful and virginal beauty, as Venus is the goddess of that riper beauty which is no longer ignorant of love—was lovely, then was Castilla at that time, and as sweet, gracious, and obliging as ever was Hebe, the cup-bearer to the gods. Why, when Jack came home, I looked to see him fall at her feet at the mere contemplation of so much beauty. But no; he was stark insensible. Castilla moved him not; and this for a reason that you shall shortly learn.

It was during this six years, to speak for a moment of myself, that I passed through the greatest trouble of my life, and touched the highest happiness that I could hope or pray for. My father had, as he thought, set me apart for God's sacred ministry, as Samuel was set apart, from childhood. He had taught me from the first to consider this the holiest vocation for man, as, doubtless, it must be confessed by all; and he had taught me as much Latin and Greek, with the composition of Latin verses, as I was permitted by my natural parts, which are not great, to acquire. And while he perceived very well that it was not in my power to become a great scholar like himself, he comforted and encouraged me by the consideration that piety and virtue are within the power of every Christian man, together with the other qualities which adorn the sacred profession of priest or minister.

When I grew to the age of sixteen or thereabouts, the time at which a boy generally begins to bethink himself of the future, I found, first, that I could not look forward to the cassock without a feeling of repugnance; and, secondly, that there was no other manner of work in which I took any interest, save one, which for a while was not to be thought of. Indeed, I did not myself consider it possible, though I knew very well that there were some—nay, a good number—who live creditably by exercising the art of painting, which was the only thing I loved.

By this time, I was arrived, by continual daily practice, and by some natural aptitude, at a certain proficiency, so that my drawings of ships and boats and the like, were, if one may say so, creditable and fit to be shown to any judge of such matters. But when I ventured to hint, in my father's hearing, that a life spent in this occupation, which he considered frivolous, might be full of delight to one who loved drawing, the thing was received with so much displeasure that I dared not for some time to open the subject again, but went on, under his directions, making bad Latin verses and reading Cicero and Virgil.

I then began to consider my destined profession with such a distaste as amounted to abhorrence, inasmuch that, had I persisted in taking those vows which my father intended and designed for me, I should have committed a most deadly sin, if not the sin which is unpardonable. And yet I ventured not to open my conscience to my father, fearing his displeasure, and knowing very well how much he had set his heart upon my following in his footsteps. I was at length encouraged to do so, however, partly because it smote my soul with contrition to go on pretending acquiescence in my father's wishes, and partly by a thing which made my project appear more likely of success, or, at least, less likely to end in disastrous failure.

There was a certain John Brooking, of Deptford, now very well known to painters, and to such fame as belongs to modern painters. He was about ten years older than myself, and at first was but a shipwright's assistant in the Yard; but had no heart for his work, and wasted his time in drawing the workshops, the docks, the timbers, bulkheads, anchors—everything that there is to be drawn in the Yard, even giving up to his Art the whole of his Sundays. He was a good-natured, harmless kind of man, who cared little for himself, and had no ambition except to paint all day, to earn enough for his daily wants, and to spend the evenings drinking with his friends. He presently left the Yard, and went away to London, designing to sell his drawings. But, before he went, he gave me great help in teaching me, so far as he himself

knew them, the elements of perspective, with certain simple rules of geometry, and the arrangement of lights; and showed me how to lay on water-colours, and how to get the proper tints, and how to produce the effects I desired. I know not how he lived for a while; but, one day, I met him in the streets of Deptford, and he told me, with glee, that he had found a man—a dealer in pictures—in Leicester-fields, who would buy his drawings of ships, as many as he chose to paint, at a guinea a-piece (N.B.—He afterwards found that this honest dealer sold the same pictures for ten guineas apiece), and that therefore he was now a made man, and had nothing to do but to go on with the work he loved, and paint every day. Which he did, until he died of a consumption, brought on, I suspect, by much strong drink. However, I went to London and visited him one day at his lodging. He had a single room at the top of a house in a court close to the Fields, where his friend the dealer had his shop; it was a good-sized room with a large window looking north, which is the best direction for light. This was his painting-room, and his living-room, bedroom and kitchen—all in one. Never was a room so littered and untidy and dirty. But John Brooking cared nothing for dirt. He worked there all day long, so long as the light lasted; or he made sketches and studies by the river-side, which he afterwards made into finished pictures in this simple studio, where he stood at his easel, never tired, a knitted night-cap on his head, and in his shirt-sleeves, and a tobacco-pipe, broken short off, between his lips, for he loved tobacco as much as any old gipsy woman.

Well, his success, such as it was (but indeed I thought of nothing, then, except how just to live by my work so only that I could do the work I desired to do), inflamed me, and I resolved to tell all to my father; which, to make a long story short, I did, though with many misgivings.

He is dead now; and, I doubt not, hath gone to the rest provided for the faithful. It is a place where my love and gratitude may not reach him. I have never passed so unhappy a time as that when it seemed as if I must continue my preparation for the University, in order to perjure my soul by declaring falsely that I was singled out by Heaven to follow the holy calling of a minister; and I have never felt so truly happy as on that day when my father, with tears in his eyes, bade me vex my soul no longer, for it should be with me as I wished.

So I left Deptford, and went to London, to become a pupil of the celebrated Mr. Hayman; and I hope that I have since done justice to the instructions of that great painter. But I came home often—partly to sketch among the ships, and partly to see Castilla.

Enough of my affairs, which concern this story but little.

CHAPTER IX.

AARON FLETCHER.

The sixth year came—nay, it had run half its course and more; yet no news of the Countess of Dorset. And there was no longer any doubt that the ship was cast away, and all the crew long since dead. As for Jack, who had been our hope and our pride, of whom we had said that a youth so brave and so masterful must needs rise to greatness, and bring credit upon himself and those who had been his friends, none now ever spoke a word. Or if they did, it was but to say that the loss of the boy had brought age upon the Admiral, and that 'twas great pity a youth of such goodly promise should thus untimely perish. The stars had lied; witchcraft and magic were proved of no avail.

Jack was dead. In the club at the "Sir John Falstaff," his ship was never talked of, nor was there any further speculation as to her course, for the Admiral's sake, even by Mr. Brinjes. And, by all the world, the boy was well-nigh forgotten. When the greatest of living men, he whose name is most in men's mouths, dies, the daily life of the world is no whit changed; and his place, even in his own work, whatever that may be, is speedily filled up. What then can one expect in the case of a boy?

But in Mr. Brinjes' parlour, where now Bess Westmoreland sat every afternoon, for company, and to cheer the old man's heart, Jack was not forgotten. These two talked about him still. More than this—superstitiously trusting to the negress's magical practices—they confidently expected that he would return again. Well, in the event the forecast proved true; but, if we are to trust to such an oracle, where is religion? If an ignorant negro woman is permitted to find out, by her witchcraft, the secrets of the future, and to foretell them, what shall become of religion? Then, farewell, faith; farewell, prayer; farewell, trust in Divine Providence; farewell, learning, since ignorance succeeds where wisdom fails!

In six years Bess had, like Castilla, grown from a child to a woman. She was now in her seventeenth year, not yet filled out to the fulness of her figure, but already tall and shapely. If she had been dressed in rags, she would have commanded attention; but she was careful of her dress, and went always becomingly attired, though not above her station (the coral beads that we know of were placed away in some drawer or box out of sight). She was so tall that she topped her father (but he was round-shouldered) by a head and neck, and there was no girl in all the town within her height by an inch and more; she bore herself like a lance, so straight and upright was she. Her nose and chin looked as if they had been carved by a skilful sculptor out of marble, so clear and delicate were they; her eyes were black, as was her hair; but rosy red her lips, and pearly white her teeth. Like many black-haired women, her cheek was full, but somewhat pale in colour, and her throat was white, not with such a whiteness as lent another charm to the complexion of Castilla, which, although of a sweet and delicate white, yet glowed with a rosy warmth. The whiteness of Bess was a colder or deeper white—a white that does not reflect the light, such as some Italian painters have delighted to portray; her hands were small, and her forehead low, as the Greeks loved it; as for her eyes, they were soft and deep, save when she was roused, and then, indeed, they flashed fire and flame. As became her station, she wore no hoop, and dressed her hair in a simple knot; but she walked as if her limbs were of springing steel; and I am sure no Princess in a hoop and patches could have walked more like a goddess; her arms, when she was at work, were the whitest ever seen, and the best shaped.

I have never disguised, and shall never disguise, my belief, though Castilla will not agree with me—that is, she assents, but without warmth—that Bess was the most beautiful girl then living; and this I can the more fairly say, because I was never in love with her, any more than a painter is in love with his model. As for love between Bess Westmoreland and myself, that was always impossible. Yet, for suitors, she never lacked any, though she sent all away, not with discourtesy, or with mockery, or with mirth, as some girls will—as if it is a fine thing to dash the hopes of an honest lad, and as if lovers can be had for the trouble of picking them up—but with firmness and with dignity, being too proud to encourage them, or to suffer them to believe that she wanted their wooing. Some of them were substantial and reputable men, whom the daughter of a mere Penman might have been proud to marry. Why, if he had

died, what would she have done for her daily bread? To my own knowledge, one of her woovers was gunner's mate in the King's Navy; another was a master wheelwright in the King's Yard; a third was foreman in the Greenland Dock; and, I dare say, there were more of equally respectable place. It became a proverb that there was no man good enough for Bess Westmoreland; and the other girls, who might otherwise have been envious of her charms, regarded her with open admiration, because she was not only much more beautiful than themselves, yet wished to carry away none of their sweethearts.

One lover alone, out of all, stuck by her, and refused to take her "No" for an answer. This was Aaron Fletcher, now grown into a young giant, who carried on his father's business of boat-builder, yet was of roving disposition, and kept his smack at Gravesend, or at Leigh, in which he went fishing. Those, however, who spoke of those fishing voyages, were apt to laugh, and to ask why that fishing-boat never came back by daylight.

"I have told you," said Bess, "I have told you a hundred times, Aaron, that I will not listen to you. Wherefore, go away in peace, and trouble me no longer. Why, there are dozens of other girls in Deptford, and plenty better-looking than me, would take you, and that joyfully."

"There are not plenty for me," he replied. "I want but one. And, Bess, I shall never give up asking. There's nobody in the world loves you better, or would do more for thee. Why am I not good enough? There's money in the stocking, Bess, now father is dead—ay! and more than you think—and more to come. There's as good business doing in my yard as in any boat-builder's on the river, not to speak of the smack, which does a tidy stroke, take year and year about. I am not a drunkard, though once a week or so I may take my glass with the rest. I am strong, and I am young. I wouldn't strike a woman nor treat her cruel. I'd be true and faithful. Come, Bess, what is the matter with me, that thou canst not say 'Yea'?"

Well would it have been for her, and for another, too, if she could have said "Yea," and taken him. Why did she not? He was tall and strong, and handsome of his kind; he was not esteemed to be ill-tempered; he was not at that time a drinker, save of a cheerful glass; he had a good character, save for the reputation of these fishing voyages of his, which did him no hurt with anyone. Did not the Admiral himself put Aaron's Nantz upon his own table? He would have made Bess a good husband, if any could, because such a woman, if she is to be happy, must needs have a strong man for a husband, and one who will rule her and make her respect him. Well, indeed, it would have been for her if she had taken this brave fellow; but she could not.

"Bess," he said, "you can't be thinking still upon that Midshipman? Why, he was but a boy, and you were a child. He's cast away and dead long ago; and if he was not, he wouldn't remember you."

But she made no reply.

"'Tisn't for love of him, Bess, is it? Why, I fought him half-a-dozen times; and, if he were to come back, I would fight him again."

She laughed scornfully. "'Tis true, Aaron, the last fight I saw; and where were you at the end of it? Rubbing your head, and looking ruefully at your broken finger. And where was Jack? Walking away with a laugh. But don't talk to me about Jack. Perhaps he is dead. Living or dead, I don't suppose he would remember or care for a poor girl like me. But I can't marry you, Aaron."

"You shall," he said, with an oath. "You shall. I will make you promise to marry me."

This was a prophecy not made by an oracle. Yet, strange to say, it came true—in a sense. To be sure, it was not the sense that Aaron intended. It has been observed that such prophecies, together with all the prophecies of witches and magicians, when they do come true, never happen in the way hoped for when the prophecy is uttered. Certainly, as you shall see, Aaron's prophecy did turn out true—but the result was not what he had expected and desired. In the same way, Mr. Brinjes' prediction about the South Sea also proved true—yet not in the sense desired and expected by him. As you shall also discover.

"Very well," said Bess, "I will promise to marry you, Aaron—when I love you. Can a girl say fairer? Go away now, Aaron; go away and find some other woman who wants to go marrying, and take pity on her, if you can. But as for me, I will marry no man."

However, he renewed his importunity: offering her presents, which she refused—such as parcels of lace, flasks of Nantz for her father, rolls of silk, and so forth, all got, I doubt not, in the way of his fishing—and always declaring, in his masterful way, that sooner or later she should promise to marry him.

(To be continued.)

Through the Foreign Office, the Board of Trade have received a gold medal, awarded by the President of the United States, to Captain J. F. Black, master of the British vessel *Antiope*, of Liverpool, for his services to the United States ship *Paul Jones*, on March 19 last.

Messrs. Christie disposed of more pictures from the Blenheim collections last Saturday. A portrait of John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford, by Gainsborough, was bought for £635, for the National Portrait Gallery. The proceeds of the day's sale amounted to £10,401 10s. The remainder of the pictures are to be sold to-day (Saturday).

The Pope has conferred the hereditary title of Count of the Holy Roman Empire upon Mr. Frank Churchill, Attaché to the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in recognition of the important discoveries in medical science of his father, Dr. John Francis Churchill. One of Count Churchill's brothers is in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and was lately severely wounded in an encounter with Dacoits in Burmah.

The exhibition at the Pall-Mall Gallery, of Mr. Melton Prior's highly interesting Sketches of the War in the Soudan, and of the Nile Expedition to rescue General Gordon, still interests the public. Among the visitors to this popular exhibition may be mentioned the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Princess Victor Hohenlohe, Countess Feodora Gleichen, Count A. Edward Gleichen, Viscount and Lady Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, and many other distinguished members of the aristocracy, Army, and Navy.

Late on Saturday night and early on Sunday morning there was renewed rioting in Belfast. A band, followed by a large crowd, went into the disturbed parts of the town, and stone-throwing began. Shots were afterwards fired both by the constabulary and by the mob. One lad was killed. Many civilians and policemen were wounded. More than a hundred persons were charged at the police-court on Monday with being concerned in the riots. The majority were sentenced to terms of imprisonment, and others were fined. Rioting was resumed on Monday night. The constabulary fired on a mob and killed two men, besides seriously injuring others. The Roman Catholics and the Protestants came into collision several times, and houses belonging to each party were wrecked.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

My Sussex retreat being conveniently near Goodwood, I was there on what should have been the great day; but it was, to people who care about the racing, simply a downright disappointment. There did not seem to me to be much falling off in the company. So long as the Prince and Princess go to Goodwood, it will continue to be a fashionable gathering. But the Duke of Richmond will have to see to it, in future years, that the racing is more interesting, if he wishes to retain this advantage. H.R.H. is amiable, but he is accustomed to being genuinely amused. The Princess was lovely, as usual. She wore blue: a silk gown, plainly made, with a white crêpe plastron, and a bonnet with blue bows and strings. In her immediate neighbourhood there was a splendid gown of white cashmere, embroidered with gold down the vest and round the edges of the drapery, and rendered conspicuous by having the top of the sleeves made of a different material—Royal blue velvet, to wit—a fashion of which I have heard as arising in Paris. Another dress was a coat polonaise of a rich and peculiar brocade, a ground of dark brown plush with a pattern impressed on it in light-brown silk, and in something the shape of the fleur-de-lis. This opened over a brown faille petticoat, laid in box-pleats, with a strip of iridescent bead passementerie down the centre of each. A great number of pure white dresses in different materials were worn. A very effective one in white surah silk had a full puffed waistcoat of the same, marked off by two rows on either side of inch-wide black ribbon velvet. The plain underskirt, which was only slightly visible beneath the drapery that fell low back and front, was trimmed round near the bottom with two similar rows of velvet ribbon. The hat was a plain sailor, lined with black velvet under the brim, trimmed only with white bows. A great many of the becoming and simple little sailor hats, some trimmed at the back and some at the front, were worn by the younger visitors to Goodwood. There was, however, a notable scarcity of girls on the lawns; the young married women were many, and most of their toilettes were of an elaborate character, similar to those I have described already.

Lord Salisbury's "surprise" appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry to be Viceroy of Ireland will remove one of the ornaments of London society to shine for awhile in Dublin. The attention which has been paid of late years to the character and attractive powers of the wife of the Irish Viceroy is a sign of the times. Lord Beaconsfield set the example of this; he had great reliance on the influence of our sex, and "Cherchez la femme" was used by him with a complimentary significance. The Duchess of Marlborough was "found" for the benefit of Ireland by Lord Beaconsfield, and was a far more prominent figure than her lord in their joint term of office. Lady Aberdeen has been a powerful element in the popularity of the late Viceroy. Lady Londonderry's well-known beauty and grace cannot fail to please in Dublin society. Lord Londonderry, however, has not hitherto found occasion for proving to the public that he possesses any other personal qualifications for his new post than being an Irish Peer (if to be a Castlereagh be indeed a qualification), and being the husband of a lady so well able to fulfil the social functions of the Vice-Reine. I should be the last to undervalue the power of female influence; but I fear 't is over-estimated if it is offered to Ireland as an antidote to Home Rule. This is too much like the traditional pill to cure earthquake.

The Women's Fawcett Memorial has taken a form not quite worthy of the man and the occasion. Miss Grant's medallion portrait of the deceased Professor is admirable, but a drinking-fountain stowed away in one of the gardens of the Victoria Embankment is not a favourable position for its display. There have been too many separate memorials to Mr. Fawcett for any of them to be adequately supported, which is a great pity, as the man was unique, in character and career, and well deserved some noble and fitting memorial. The young women employed in the Post Office, for instance, contributed to the fund of which the Duke of Westminster is president, and not to the special women's fund. Then the fellow-townfolk of the lamented Professor talked of a memorial of their own; and an institution for the blind tried to get up a special scholarship in memory of Fawcett. It would surely have been better to concentrate all these attempts into one.

The promoters of the women's memorial are hardly to be blamed, however, for this conflict of efforts. The women's committee was originally formed simply to raise funds for placing a portrait-medallion on the walls of Westminster Abbey. The Dean had expressed his desire to have a memorial of Fawcett there; and it was found that this would cost about £300, a sum which could undoubtedly be easily secured from women subscribers. The committee was therefore formed, circulars were issued, and one was sent to the Dean for his information. He wrote at once a most angry letter, declaring that he had never meant to open the Abbey to a memorial from "a section of the community." With a comical revelation of the little value he places on woman-kind, he immediately added that he would have been ready to admit the tablet as a memorial of Fawcett's work for the blind, though he refused it place as a memorial of his work for women. Half the human race are counted by the good Dean as more "sectional" than the blind portion of mankind! As he was inexorable, the tablet for the Abbey was undertaken by the "national" committee, but the women's committee persevered with their collection, from which the fountain has arisen.

An interesting wedding recently took place between two Bachelors of Arts of London University. This couple were married in church. A similar wedding a few years ago was performed at the registry office, the bald brief ceremony of which has at least this advantage, that the vow made there is identical for bridegroom and bride. Why should a lady B.A. swear obedience to a gentleman B.A. when they join their fortunes? Perhaps, as a Vicar's wife told me the other day, "Oh, nobody supposes that a girl really means that literally." This was said with an amazing unconsciousness of the immorality of making any promise without the intention of keeping it, and with no apparent recognition on the good Vicar's part of the sin of deliberately taking an oath at the altar as a mere form. Surely, however, the true ideal of a union between equals, as two B.A.'s undeniably are, is Mrs. Browning's—

We must walk the world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end.

Not, "You shall drive me as you like through the world." Another wedding of last week, worthy of note for the sake of the elder generation, was solemnised between the eldest son of Dr. James Edmunds, the well-known temperance physician, and the daughter of Mr. H. C. Stephens, of Finchley. Twenty years ago, when this young couple were still, I suppose, in the school-room, the first medical college for women that ever existed in England was founded and supported for ten years mainly by the personal efforts of Dr. Edmunds and the pecuniary generosity of Mr. Stephens.

F. F.-M.

The Earl of Elgin has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Fife.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF MOUNT TARAWERA, IN THE HOT-SPRINGS LAKE DISTRICT OF NEW ZEALAND: DESTRUCTION OF THE VILLAGE OF WAIROA.

Lake Tarawera (view looking north-east).

Whakanga and Ruawhaka: Mount Tarawera, and its volcanic craters behind.

Craters on near side of Mount Tarawera (looking east).

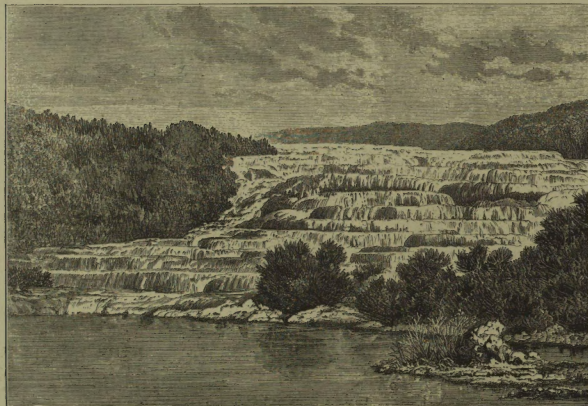
Former site of White and Pink Terrace Cascades, Lake Rotomahana.

View looking south-east to Rotomahana Lake.

To Hape o Toroa (south).



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SCENE FOUR DAYS AFTER THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ERUPTION, SKETCHED BY MR. A. J. YOGAN, JUNE 12.—(THE FOREGROUND CONSISTS OF HILLOCKS OF SOFT MUD, WITH BROKEN FOREST TREES.)



OTUKAPURANGI, "THE PINK TERRACE CASCADE," LAKE ROTOMAHANA, DESTROYED BY THE ERUPTION.



ASH CLOUD FROM THE VOLCANO, AS SEEN ON NIGHT OF ERUPTION.



TE TARATA, "THE WHITE TERRACE CASCADE," LAKE ROTOMAHANA, DESTROYED BY THE ERUPTION.



TUHOTO, AN AGED MAORI PROPHET, BURIED ALIVE FOUR DAYS.

"Tuhoto, who is reputed a soothsayer, or prophet, had a quarrel with some of his neighbours, and warned them that something would happen, and they would die. 'In 7-8 days,' he said, 'four days afterwards, still alive,'"



McREA'S HOTEL, WAIROA: FRONT VIEW.



McREA'S HOTEL, WAIROA: BACK VIEW.



HOUSE OF MR. HAZARD, THE SCHOOLMASTER, WAIROA.

"Among the unfortunate victims were Mr. Hazard and some of his children; Mrs. Hazard, who was terribly scalded, and two of her daughters, were got out alive."

LORD SALISBURY'S NEW MINISTRY.

The Marquis of Salisbury appears to have found the task of constructing a Ministry more than usually difficult. The Prime Minister completed the delicate operation, however, by the commencement of the week; and on Tuesday the noble Marquis proceeded, with his principal colleagues, to the Queen's marine residence at Osborne, in order to be sworn in, and to be presented with the seals of office given up to her Majesty, the same day, by all the retiring Cabinet Ministers, save Earl Granville (still indisposed) and Mr. Gladstone, who had taken leave of the Queen on the previous Friday. It may be mentioned that, in the unavoidable absence of Lord John Manners at Osborne, on Tuesday, Viscount Cranbrook was sworn in Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lord Salisbury, it will be seen, has relied mainly upon friends of proved ability and experience in the formation of his second Administration, the chief and most noteworthy changes being the promotion of Lord Randolph Churchill to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, with Leadership of the House of Commons, and the swift elevation of Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., the eloquent and able advocate of Mr. Crawford in the recent painful divorce case, to the Cabinet, and to the onerous office of Home Secretary.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

IN THE CABINET.

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury	Marquis of SALISBURY.
Foreign Secretary	Earl of IDDESLEIGH.
Lord Chancellor	Lord HALSBURY.
Lord President of the Council	Viscount CRANBROOK.
Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the Commons	Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
Home Secretary	Mr. HENRY MATTHEWS, Q.C.
Colonial Secretary	Mr. EDWARD STANHOPE.
Secretary for War	Mr. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.
Secretary for India	Sir R. CROSS (with a Peersage).
First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord GEORGE HAMILTON.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	Lord ASHBOURNE.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Sir M. HICKS BEACH.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	Lord JOHN MANNERS.
President of the Board of Trade	Sir F. STANLEY (with a Peersage).

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord Privy Seal	Earl CADOGAN.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	Marquis of LONDONDERRY.
Secretary for Scotland	Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR.
President of the Local Government Board	Mr. RITCHIE.
Postmaster-General	Mr. CECIL RAIKES.
First Commissioner of Works	Mr. DAVID PLUNKET.
Attorney-General	Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, Q.C.
Solicitor-General	Mr. EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C.
Vice-President of the Council	Sir HENRY HOLLAND.
Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury	Mr. W. L. JACKSON.
Patronage Secretary to the Treasury	Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS.
Junior Lords of the Treasury	Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT.
Lord Advocate	Colonel WALTON.
Solicitor-General for Scotland	Mr. J. H. A. MACDONALD.
Attorney-General for Ireland	Mr. J. P. B. ROBERTSON.
Solicitor-General for Ireland	Mr. HOLMES, Q.C.
Judge Advocate-General	Mr. GIBSON, Q.C.
Secretary to the Board of Trade	Mr. MARRIOTT, Q.C.
Foreign Under-Secretary	Baron DE WORMS.
Colonial Under-Secretary	Sir JAMES FERGUSON.
Under-Secretary for India	Earl of DUNRAVEN.
Surveyor-General of the Ordnance	Sir JOHN GORST, Q.C.
Financial Secretary to the War Office	Mr. ST. JOHN BRODRICK.
Lord Chamberlain	Mr. HENRY NORTHCOTE.
Master of the Horse	Earl of LATHOM.
Mistress of the Robes	Duke of PORTLAND.
	Duchess of BUCKLEUCH.

The General Election definitively closed on the Thirtieth of July with the declaration of the poll for Orkney and Shetland, where Mr. Lyell, Gladstonian Liberal, was re-elected by a majority of 971 over Mr. Hoare, Liberal Unionist. Thus the new House of Commons is composed of 196 Gladstonian Liberals, 73 Liberal Unionists, 316 Conservatives, and 85 Parnellite Irish Home Rulers.

The new Parliament formally met on Thursday for the election of Speaker. The Right Hon. Arthur Peel having filled the high office with such commanding ability and judicious firmness and impartiality, there was naturally a general desire that he should resume his place in the chair. Mr. Peel rechosen, he had on the Friday to present himself at the bar of the House of Lords to receive the gracious approval of the Queen by Royal Commission. Then followed the customary motions for new writs for the re-election of Ministers who have seats in the House of Commons; and the swearing-in of members. But the business of the Session will not begin till August the Nineteenth, when her Majesty's Speech from the Throne will be read by the Lord Chancellor; and will probably not escape criticism on the part of Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the Opposition.

The Marquis of Hartington, who pledged himself and his immediate following of Liberal Unionists to give a general support to the new Government as regards their administration of Irish affairs, held a political meeting of his friends at Devonshire House, on Wednesday.

Mr. Gladstone has not been liberal to his followers in recommending to her Majesty personages worthy of honours. At the suggestion of the late Prime Minister, the Queen approved the elevation of Lord Monson to the rank of Viscount, and the bestowal of peerages upon Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B.; Sir M. A. Bass, M.P.; Mr. J. C. Hamilton, of Dalzell, late M.P. for South Lanarkshire; and Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B. Her Majesty has also approved the granting of baronetcies to Mr. F. T. Mappin, M.P.; Mr. C. M. Palmer, M.P.; Mr. T. D. Love Jones-Parry, of Madryn Castle, Pwllheli; and Mr. James Kitson, of Leeds. The honour of knighthood is to be conferred on Mr. Serjeant Simon, M.P.; Dr. B. W. Foster, President of the Council of the British Medical Association, and late M.P. for Chester; Mr. J. D. Weston, late M.P. for Bristol; Mr. C. E. K. Kortright, formerly her Majesty's Consul at Philadelphia; Mr. E. C. Buck, representing the Indian Government at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition; Colonel E. B. Sladen, lately Political Agent in Upper Burma; and Mr. P. Magnus, the head of the City Guilds Technical Institution at South Kensington.

A bequest of £1000 by the late Mr. R. B. Mackie, M.P., has been handed over to the committee of the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution, for educational purposes.

A complimentary supper to be given to Mr. Wilson Barrett, prior to his departure for his provincial and American tours, has been arranged. It will take place at the Criterion Restaurant, next Thursday, the 12th inst., Mr. Edmund Yates being in the chair. The committee list includes the names of over a hundred gentlemen distinguished in literature, art, and the drama. Applications for tickets should be sent to the honorary secretary and treasurer, Mr. Charles Warner, at the Vaudeville Theatre.

MARRIAGE.

On the 29th ult., at Oatlands Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ker Grey, Colonel Edward Eyre-Williams, 8th (the King's) Regiment, to Harriet, daughter of the late Herbert Ingram, Esq., M.P. for Boston, and Mrs. Herbert Ingram, Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames.

DEATH.

On the 27th ult., at Hillside, Gorey, Jersey, William Alexander Parker, Advocate Scottish Bar, &c., formerly H.M.'s Chief Justice on the Gold Coast, Saint Helena, and British Honduras, aged 67 years.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

COLONIAL and INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN. Executive President of the Royal Commission—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.
Illustration of the Products and Resources of the British Empire.
OPEN DAILY from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. On Wednesdays and Saturdays open till Eleven p.m. Admission, 1s. Daily; Wednesdays, 2s. 6d. Military Bands and Illuminated Fountains and Gardens Daily, and occasional Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON. SEAFORD. EASTBOURNE. ST. LEONARDS. HASTINGS. WORTHING. LITTLEHAMPTON. BOGNOR. HAYLING ISLAND. PORTSMOUTH. SOUTHSEA.
Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Trains also from Kensington (Addison-road Station).
Return Tickets from London available for Eight Days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
Improved Train Services.
Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE. COWES. SANDOWN. SHANKLIN. VENTNOR, for BONCHURCH and FRESHWATER. BEMBRIDGE.
Through Tickets, including all charges.
The Trains by this route run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also now run to and from the New Pier Head Station at Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer, and vice versa.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST, &c.

DIEPPE. ROUEN. FÉCAMP. HAVRE. HONFLEUR. TROUVILLE. CAEN. CHERBOURG.
Through Tickets from Victoria and London Bridge, via Newhaven and Dieppe, or Newhaven and Honfleur.
THE ANGLO-NORMAN and BRITANNY TOURS.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Luggage-circus Office. (By order.)

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An Improved SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
THURSDAY, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains. For full particulars see bills.
London, August, 1886. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

DOVER and OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated Conveyance for the Travellers from London to Brussels (24 hours), to Cologne (15 hours), to Berlin (24 hours), to Vienna (30 hours), to Milan, via the St. Gotthard (35 hours), and to every great city on the Continent; also to the East, via Brindisi (55 hours). Single and Return Through Tickets at very reduced fares (50lb. of Luggage gratis).
On board of the Mails will be found Refreshments, Private Cabins, Stewardesses, &c.
Two services daily, in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct German Carriages and Sleeping-Cars.
Agencies at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3 and 18, Strand-street; at Ostend, at Brussels, 90, Montagne de la Cour; at Cologne, 12, Domhof; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c.
Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Specie Parcels.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Right, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gotthard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainment offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.
The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.
MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

THE BLENHEIM GALLERY.—ORDER OF SALE. MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS respectfully give Notice that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Rooms, King-street, St. James's-square, by order of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, the BLENHEIM GALLERY of PICTURES by Old Masters, and the collection of Oriental Porcelain, in the following order:—

THIRD PORTION.
On SATURDAY, AUG. 7.—Pictures of the Italian School, including the Madonna Colle Stelle, the renowned work of Carlo Dolci, and examples of Albano, Bassano, Bonifazio, Campidoglio, Carracci, Correggio, L. Godano, Guido, C. Maratti, Mola, Pannini, Ricci, Tintoretto, Titian, Vasari, P. Veronese, and others.
On MONDAY, AUG. 9.—A fine old Nankin Blue and White and Chinese Enamelled Porcelain, Palissy Ware, &c.
On TUESDAY, AUG. 10.—The Cabinet of Miniatures and Portraits in Enamel, Carvings in Ivory, &c.
May now be viewed, and Catalogues had, price 1s. each; or, 1s. 3d. by post, on application.

STRAND.—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON will make his Re-appearance in London on MONDAY NEXT, AUG. 9, in Muskerry's GARRICK, supported by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Box-office now open. Business Manager, Mr. Charles Terry.

THE PRINCE'S.—Mr. DION BOUCAULT. TO-NIGHT, at Eight, in a new modern Five-Act Comedy, by the author of "London Assurance," entitled THE JILT, performed by Mr. John Billington, Mr. J. G. Grahame, Mr. Lethcourt, Mr. Frank Rodney, Mr. E. W. Gardiner, and Mr. J. Taylor; Miss Myra Holme, Miss Webster, Mrs. M. Barker, Miss Le Thiere, and Miss Thorndyke. Open 7.45. THE JILT at Eight. Carriages, Eleven. Box-office open Eleven to Five.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce, Manager for Mr. Boucault, Mr. Gilbert Tate.

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New and important Engagements. Second Week of the noted American Comedians and Dancers, the Three T's. New and beautiful Songs and Choruses. New and intensely funny Comic Sketches. Altogether the VERY BEST and MOST ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. Tickets and Places can be obtained at Austin's Theatre, St. James's Hall. No fees of any description. Fautouls, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Afters, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performance; at 7.30 for Evening Performance.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK. AUG. 7, 1886.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Twopence. To Alexandria, Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Twopence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.
Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Dion Boucault must be laughing in his sleeve. For the sake of amusing the playgoers of America and Australia, he has put together a tolerable "pot-boiler"; and, as chance has given him a very fair and lucrative success with "The Jilt," he straightway brings it to London, and placards it, with hints about the revival of English comedy, with pathetic allusions to old times, with an announcement of early retirement, and with a reminder that five-and-forty years ago he was the author of "London Assurance." All this is very pretty, but it is beside the point. London is not likely to be blind to the clever devices of the old showman. No placards, no specious advertisements, no delightful blarney of this kind are likely to make anyone accept the false for the true, or to detect the slightest similarity between "London Assurance" and "The Jilt" as a work of art, as a play of lasting value, or as a picture of contemporary life and manner. "London Assurance" is one of the stage classics simply and solely because it is a play of remarkable variety and value, because its scenes are lively and amusing, and its characters human. It is English, it is true; it is universal in its application. But no one knows better than Dion Boucault that comedy, sound comedy, lasting comedy means something very much more than clever and smart writing in one or two individual characters. The clever, bright, happy sayings put into the mouth of the loving Irish lad did not wholly and solely make the success of "The Colleen Bawn"; the same kind of fascinating Irish sentiment, of which Boucault is a master, did not by itself delight the thousands who have wept and laughed over "Arrah-na-Pogue" or "The Shaughraun." They were charming dramas in themselves, and quite irrespective of their isolated bits of Irish character. Such plays as these will never die, and they do not need a placard to tell us they are good. Their vitality does not depend upon the *réclame*. Only the other day "Arrah-na-Pogue" was revived at the Adelphi without the charming artists who created the well-known characters, and modern London was fairly astonished at the literary charm and dramatic skill that the delightful romance contained. And here let it never be forgotten that the Killarney boy who knew every nook and corner of the smugglers' cave, and the affectionate postboy who climbed up the ivy to his darling's prison, and the red-coated humorous scoundrel whose chaff was so delightful in "The Shaughraun," only took one part in the dramatic duet of other days. The playgoers of our own age are as little likely to forget Eily O'Connor as Myles-na-Coppalen; and Mrs. Dion Boucault has ever a warm corner in the hearts of those who identify her with the romance and the charm of the long series of Boucaultian Irish dramas.

But what picture of modern or any other English life is contained in "The Jilt"? The society scenes are strained and unnatural, the racing scenes are improbable and absurd. The story is devoid of interest, and is unskillfully related. The play has no hero or heroine. The minor characters are more prominent than the major ones; and had it not been for the irresistible charm of Dion Boucault's style, and his method of delivering Irish blarney, the fate of such a play would have trembled in the balance. For I will be bold enough to say that never has Mr. Dion Boucault appeared in a character that suits him so ill. He understands Myles O'Hara, Irish sportsman and gentleman, but he cannot act him or look the part. Even now he can look Myles and Shaun and the Shaughraun; but he cannot look a middle-aged sportsman, who is the idol of the ladies and the joy of the steeplechase course. We accept the modern Myles because we remember the old rascal Shaun, but had anyone else attempted the part in such a disguise he would scarcely have been tolerated. There are clever bits in the play; it contains isolated characters that amuse; but its improbabilities are so glaring, and its interest so feeble that it is to be feared that "The Jilt" will scarcely be remembered when the forty-five-year-old "London Assurance" is still in the heyday of its prosperity. But Mr. Boucault was quite right when he paid a special compliment to the artists he had engaged. They could not make a comedy out of "The Jilt," but they could show how skilfully they could make bricks with the smallest possible quantity of straw. Two of the new-comers especially distinguished themselves. Miss Thorndyke is an actress of considerable personal charm. She has presence, a very winning manner, and a charming voice, undisturbed by any foreign or acquired accent. And she is not content with looking well on the stage, as so many of our actresses are. She is engrossed in the part she is playing, and her face is an index of the various emotions that are agitating her. She seems to be a true and valuable actress of comedy—intelligent, always full of life and spirit, and laudably unaffected. The good-natured, pleasant Yorkshire girl helped to conceal the poverty of several of the dramatic scenes in which she was concerned. Miss Barker, who came over to act the Yorkshire female trainer, was also at once accepted as an actress of talent and no little humour. She made all the scenes in which she was concerned "go" with spirit, and she also, by her impulse and enthusiasm, helped to make the audience forget how little like to nature were the scenes that depicted the modern training-stable and the realistic racecourse. Miss Webster is one of the youngest actresses on the stage of a good old stock. No one can say that the art of acting is not hereditary. Whenever this young lady appears she shows what good stuff there is in her. Once more she has boldly taken up a difficult part; once more she has succeeded. Miss Webster is to be congratulated on her enthusiasm. Whatever she does, she does thoroughly, and, in modern phraseology, she is not afraid "to let herself go." Her pathos rings clear and sound; her buoyancy is never affected or artificial. She will do great things one day if she goes on as she is going on now. Mr. J. G. Grahame, a very pleasant and useful actor; Mr. Lethcourt, another clever and intelligent artist of the younger division; Mr. J. G. Taylor, an old friend returned from a long journey; and, very specially, Mr. E. W. Gardiner, who has a capital idea of character—all did remarkably well. They managed, with the help of Miss Myra Holme and others, to extract every ounce of value that "The Jilt" contained; and the author is indebted to them for the cordial manner in which the play was received. They kept up its drooping spirits, and would not let it flag. They made it look like a popular play; but they could not, under any possible circumstances, make it a valuable English comedy.

Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company have said good-bye, and gone off for their holiday, and the last night of the season was only disturbed by one sad reflection: Mrs. Stirling, the incomparable artist, is on the eve of retirement. For half a century and more she has been on the stage, and faithful to her post. She will carry with her the affection and regard of a host of friends whom she charmed as a young woman and delighted as a merry old lady. C. S.

This week the High Court of Foresters have met in Leicester. On Sunday they marched in procession to St. Martin's Church, where a sermon was preached by Canon Vaughan, who said the order is numerically the largest in the world, the membership having increased from 100,000, thirty years ago, to 650,000.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

The most accessible and, perhaps, the most agreeable, to English visitors, of seaside resorts on the Continental shores, within two hours of Folkestone, this pleasant French town offers its hospitality to our countrymen in their summer holidays. It was very different nineteen centuries ago, under the Roman conquest of Gaul, when one of Caesar's generals gave to the military station the name of Bononia, his native town in Italy, now Bologna; and Boulogne of eighty-two years ago, when Napoleon there assembled his army for the invasion of Britain, was again, to our grandfathers, a place of hostile aspect. Happily, in these days, the two great modern nations of Western Europe are sincerely friendly to each other; the long English occupation of Boulogne, in Plantagenet reigns, is but a dim historical reminiscence; the Napoleonic medal, in the Museum there, is a mere political curiosity; and the memorial column on the site of his encampment gives not the slightest offence. It reminds us of Caligula, who built the Turris Ardens or Lighthouse, now called the Tour d'Ordre, when he marched to the shores of the British Channel, master of many legions, and beguiled his impatience with the innocent pastime of gathering sea-shells.

Boulogne-on-the-Sea is a bright and cheerful town, adorned of late years with a superb cathedral, lifting its grand dome and statue of Mary 300 ft. above the eastern hill. The estuary of the river Liane, protected by twin piers, makes a convenient port for the English steam-boats, which land or embark their passengers on one side by day, and by night on the opposite side. There are excellent hotels and lodging-houses, good shops, Merridew's English library, English doctors, chemists, and bankers, English churches and chapels, schools for English boys and girls, with one free school, established in 1835; and English is spoken by many of the townsfolk. The climate is soft and mild, but fresh and breezy; the clean smooth sands are delightful for sea-bathers; and the Casino, of which we present an Illustration, has been rendered one of the most attractive and perfect of marine bathing establishments. This establishment, formerly administered by the municipality of the town (to whom it belonged), has been let on a long lease to Mr. Hirschler, an enterprising gentleman who has spent several thousand pounds upon recent important alterations, including the construction of a theatre, and other additions. He has succeeded in providing such excellent entertainments as to invite visitors from all parts of the Continent and England. Tourists may go further and enjoy Alpine climbing, mountain railways, lake navigation, the renowned Rhone glacier, and the falls of the Rhine; but those who seek less distant recreation and quiet enjoyment will find both health and pleasure in visiting the yellow sands of Boulogne. Of the other Continental seaside places Ostend has its attractions, and its mammoth Kursaal, which is still administered by the town. There is also Scheveningen, on the Dutch coast; but neither there, nor at Trouville, Dieppe, or many sea-bathing towns on the west coast of France, are the casinos to be compared in attractiveness, elegance, and comfort with the revived Casino of Boulogne. Here, everything is arranged to the entire satisfaction of the visitors. There is a private club, a grand concert-room, a theatre, a ball-room, a saloon, a reading-room, a billiard-saloon, and a superior restaurant and café. There is an immense garden, with its music kiosque, and its thousands of lamps, à la Vauxhall, where afternoon and evening music is given.

The bathing is second to none on the Continent; there are hundreds of bathing-machines; the elegance of the bathing

toilettes is renowned, presenting a spectacle of lively interest; while the boats of the Humane Society are always present, to warn bathers of danger or to rescue them if necessary. There is, in addition, a complete hydropathic establishment and swimming school, in which the baths are supplied with a continuous flow of sea water. There are performances of the Opéra Français or the Opéra Comique daily; balls are given once or twice a week; and children's balls, fancy balls, and other entertainments are frequent.

Our Illustration will show what goes on on the sands. It is, perhaps, an almost daily scene of sea-side life; but here there really is sand instead of shingle or flint boulders; and the tiny nude feet of children can paddle in the playful waves (for even they like a frolic at times) or the children can use their spades and pails in miniature sandworks. They delight in the construction of forts, from the battlements of which they can, as did King Canute of old, command the rising ripples to come no further, and with an equal result.

In conclusion, we will remark that Mr. H. Hirschler, the very able director of the Boulogne Casino, has done everything in his power to enhance its attractions upon an unusually large scale of liberality. The journey to Boulogne is but four hours from London or from Paris; and the transit from Folkestone occupies but ninety minutes. The climate, as we have remarked, is most salubrious. The geographical position is such that the town is sheltered from the cold winds; but the sea-breezes from the south and west prevail, except during four months of the year, bringing a rich current of ozone, which is a constant source of health. This, with the constitution of the soil and the purity of the sands, uncontaminated by the sewage of the town, makes Boulogne desirable to health-seekers, especially to those who suffer from bronchial or asthmatic or from rheumatic affections. The longevity of the inhabitants of Boulogne is remarkable; and regular summer visitors may likewise hope to lengthen their lives.

Last Saturday evening the Empress of Austria arrived unexpectedly at Gastein, and forthwith paid a visit to the German Emperor.

The Jubilee Hall at Heidelberg was formally opened on Tuesday, and the festivities commenced. Among the visitors was the Crown Prince of Germany, who read a letter from the Emperor, showing the interest he takes in the celebration.

The Queen-Regent of Spain has given the Royal Assent to the bill authorising the ratification of the Anglo-Spanish Commercial Treaty.

The meeting of the Panama Canal Company was held in Paris on Thursday week. All the resolutions proposed were carried, and a vote of confidence in M. De Lesseps was passed.

At Peterhof the Queen of Greece and the Duchess of Edinburgh are staying with the Russian Imperial family.

Distress exists in Iceland, in consequence of the failure of the fishing season. The greatest suffering exists in the southern districts, which are usually the most productive portions.

Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the President of the United States, was on Sunday admitted as a member of the Presbyterian Church.

The recent distressing news of the condition of Labrador was, we are glad to learn, a gross exaggeration.

Splendid rains have again fallen throughout South Australia.

The National Artillery Association has held its annual meeting at Shoeburyness this week.

MUSIC.

The London Academy of Music (Dr. Wylde, Principal) and the Royal Academy of Music (Sir G. A. Macfarren, Principal) held their annual distributions of prizes last week. In the first-named instance, the awards were distributed by Miss Ella Russell, one of the prime donne of Signor Lago's late Italian opera season, who was introduced by Dr. Wylde in a few graceful, justly-complimentary terms; and a selection of music was effectively performed by students. The proceedings included the unveiling of a portrait of the late Sir Julius Benedict (by Mr. Sanders), which has been presented to the Academy; and the performance of the comedieta entitled "Breaking the Ice"—well sustained by Miss E. Arnold Tilt and Mr. Edgar Skeet—brought the interesting ceremonial to a close. The prizes to the Royal Academy students were distributed by Lady Goldsmid, a speech appropriate to the occasion having been made by the Principal. Mr. Pauer's setting of the Twenty-third Psalm (the solos by students) was performed, conducted by Mr. W. Shakespeare.

Madame Madge Inglis gave her benefit concert on Friday afternoon (last week), at Glendower Mansions, 19, Harrington-road, South Kensington, by permission of Captain and Mrs. Laing. The programme provided was admirably selected and well performed throughout.

The earliest revival of musical activity in London will be the opening of a new season of Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, next Saturday evening, again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. F. Thomas, and the conductorship of Mr. Gwyllym Crowe.

The Abbé Liszt died at Bayreuth last Saturday night. Franz Liszt was born in Hungary in 1811, and attained wide celebrity in his early boyhood as a brilliant pianist, his executive powers having continued to develop until he soon became one of the most remarkable virtuosos of the age, a position which he retained during the greater part of his life; much of his power in this respect having, indeed, remained until nearly the close of his existence. The eminence which he gained as an executant did not satisfy his ambition, which soon became directed towards being acknowledged as a great composer, by the production of works of the most elaborate kind; a large number of which attest his industry and artistic earnestness. Space will not admit of an enumeration of them. Liszt came to this country as a pianist when a boy, and earned renown as a prodigy. He has been in England since then, the last time having been his recent visit on the occasion of the performance of his "St. Elisabeth" at St. James's Hall. During his stay here he was received with an enthusiasm surpassing that of his previous receptions in this country. On several occasions during his last visit, he (in private) played with a power and brilliancy truly remarkable considering his advanced age. Apart from his artistic career, the generosity and liberality of Liszt's character must be recognised. Large sums have been contributed by him in aid of public and private artistic and benevolent purposes; his sympathies were always ready and active. His death has called forth demonstrations of regret from all quarters. We gave a Portrait of the Abbé when he was in London last spring.

The Portrait of Mr. C. H. Jackson, of Grimsby, winner of the Queen's Prize for rifle-shooting, is from a photograph taken by Messrs. James Russell and Sons, at their establishment at Hill-road, Wimbledon.

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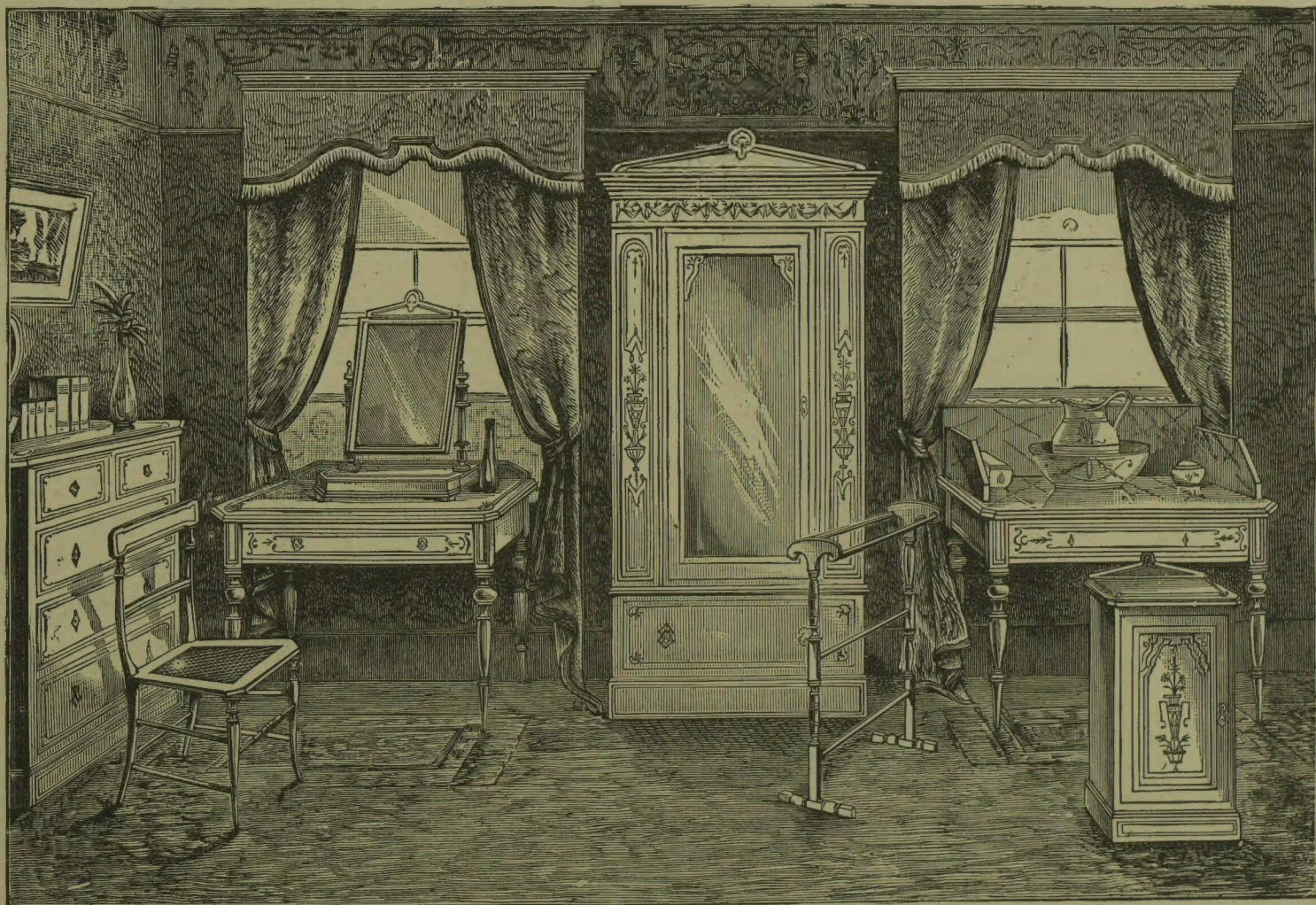
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ON THE SANDS AT BOULOGNE.

COMMISSIONERS OF THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

We present a second series of Portraits of the Royal Commissioners, and Commissioners of the Colonial Governments, upon whom her Majesty has conferred honours in the Order of the Bath, and the Order of St. Michael and St. George, for their services in the collection and arrangement of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

MALTA.

Sir Victor Houlton, G.C.M.G., C.B., is the youngest son of the late John Torriano Houlton, Esq., of Farley Castle, Somerset. He was born at Farley Castle in 1823, and was educated at Oriel College and St. John's College, Oxford, of which he was a Fellow, and graduated B.A. in 1845, M.A. in 1847. He was private secretary to the late Sir William Molesworth, M.P., while First Commissioner of Works and Colonial Secretary. He was for some time a Lieutenant of the West Somerset Militia. He was appointed Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta in 1855, on the affairs of which island he has published several pamphlets. He was a member of the Executive Council from its formation in 1881, and Vice-President of the Council of Government, but retired in May, 1883. Sir Victor Houlton is Executive Commissioner for Malta in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. He had the rank of K.C.M.G. conferred upon him in 1860, and was promoted to G.C.M.G. for his official services at Malta.

NEW ZEALAND.

Among the distinguished colonial men of science whom the Exhibition has brought to London, no one has been received with more esteem by the various learned societies than Professor Sir Julius Von Haast, who has been selected to arrange the collections sent from New Zealand and to represent that colony before the European public. He is well known as an enterprising explorer, an eminent geologist and palaeontologist, as well as the director of the justly celebrated Museum of Christchurch, Canterbury, which he has originated and developed until it has attained a world-wide reputation. Sir Julius Von Haast was born at Bonn, in Germany, in 1824, and after studying at the University of that town, lived some



SIR VICTOR HOULTON, G.C.M.G., C.B.,
MALTA.



SIR JULIUS VON HAAST, K.C.M.G.,
NEW ZEALAND.



SIR AUGUSTUS ADDERLEY, K.C.M.G.,
WEST INDIES.



HON J. E. MASON, C.M.G.,
FIJI.



SIR ARTHUR HODGSON, K.C.M.G.,
SECRETARY TO RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



SIR ARTHUR BIRCH, K.C.M.G.,
CEYLON.

years in France and Austria, and during long journeys continued to devote much time to scientific as well as to art studies. In 1858, he went to New Zealand with the late Baron Ferdinand Von Hochstetter, the eminent geologist of the Austrian Novara expedition, and travelled in his company eight months all over those islands. In 1860 Dr. Von Haast explored, on behalf of the Government of Nelson, the south-western portion of that province, then an unknown and uninhabited wilderness. He rendered great service in discovering the Grey and Buller coal-fields and preparing a map of topographical and geological information of that wild, mountainous, and forest region. But the great work to be accomplished by him began in 1861, from which period, during nearly ten years, he surveyed, on behalf of the Government, that remarkable range called the Southern Alps of New Zealand, which rivals Switzerland in grandeur and variety of scenery. In 1868 he presented a copy of the large map he had made of that wonderful country to the Royal Geographical Society of London, who awarded him the Patrons' gold medal for his numerous contributions to our knowledge of New Zealand. The creation of the Canterbury Museum, said to be one of the finest museums in the southern hemisphere, is the work, as has been already remarked, of Dr. Von Haast; among other treasures it contains the largest known collection of skeletons of the extinct Moa. Three of the finest of these skeletons he has brought over and exhibited in the New Zealand Court. Sir Julius Von Haast has always taken a great interest in the higher education of the distant colony with which he is connected, and is a member of the Senate of the New Zealand University.

CEYLON.

Sir Arthur N. Birch, K.C.M.G., is the youngest son of the late Rev. H. W. R. Birch, of Southwold and Reydon, Suffolk. He was formerly in the Colonial Office, and was private secretary to the late Lord Lytton, and to Lord Carlingford. He was Colonial Secretary of British Columbia from 1864 to 1868, Lieutenant-Governor of Penang from 1871 to 1872, Colonial Secretary of Ceylon in 1873, and Lieutenant-Governor of that island from 1876 to 1878.



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OBITUARY.

SIR A. MATHESON, BART.

Sir Alexander Matheson, Bart., of Lochalsh, in the county of Ross, J.P. and D.L., died suddenly, at 38, Hill-street, on the 26th ult., in his eighty-second year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John Matheson, of Attadale, J.P. and D.L., by Margaret, his wife, sister of the late Sir James Matheson, Bart. He sat as Liberal M.P. for Inverness District from 1847 to 1868, and for Ross and Cromarty 1868 to 1884. He married, first, in 1840, Mary, daughter of Mr. James Crawford Macleod, of Geanies, which lady died in 1841; and, secondly, July 19, 1853, Lavinia Mary, sister of the eighth Lord Beaumont, by whom (who died Sept. 30, 1855) he leaves a son, now Sir Kenneth James Matheson, second Baronet, born May 12, 1854; and one daughter, Mary Isabella, wife of Mr. Wallace Charles Houston. Sir Alexander married, thirdly, April 17, 1860, Eleanor Irving, daughter of Mr. Spencer Perceval, by whom (who died, 1879) he leaves several children. The baronetcy was conferred, May 15, 1882.

SIR W. KING HALL.

Sir William King Hall, K.C.B., Admiral R.N., died on the 29th ult., aged seventy. He was son of Dr. James Hall, Surgeon R.N., by Mary, his wife, daughter of Lieutenant John Francis Miller. He entered the Navy in 1829; served in Syria, and at the capture of St. Jeanne d'Arc; commanded H.M.S. Styx in the Kaffir War, H.M.S. Bulldog during the Crimean Expedition, and H.M.S. Calcutta at the capture of Canton. From 1870 to 1875 he was Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, and from 1877 to 1879 Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. He married, first, in 1848, Louisa, daughter of Mr. James Forman; and secondly, in 1880, Charlotte, widow of Mr. T. K. Tillotson.

SIR J. ANDERSON.

Sir John Anderson, LL.D., C.E., F.R.S.E., died at Fairleigh, his residence at St. Leonards-on-Sea, on the 28th ult., in his seventy-second year. This eminent engineer, so long and so usefully connected with the Government rifle factory at Enfield, was chosen in 1859 to superintend the manufacture of Armstrong guns, and had conferred on him the office of Inspector of Machinery, from which he retired in 1874. In 1870 the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Aberdeen, and in 1878 the honour of knighthood by the Queen. He had been a juror at the International Exhibitions of London, Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia, and held the orders of Franz Joseph of Austria and the Legion of Honour of France. It was in recognition of his services at the last Paris Exhibition he was knighted. Sir John was son of Mr. John Anderson, of Woodside, Aberdeen, and married, in 1840, Eliza, daughter of Mr. William Norrie.

MAJOR-GENERAL REILLY, C.B.

Major-General William Edmund Moyses Reilly, C.B., Inspector-General of Artillery, died suddenly, on the 28th ult. He was born in January, 1827, the third son of the late Mr. James Miles Reilly, of Cloon Eavin, in the county of Down, by Emilia Georgina Susanna, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Hugh Montgomery, of Grey Abbey, and entered the Royal Artillery in 1845. In 1854 he went to the Crimea as Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier-General Fox Strangways; served in the trenches, and at the bombardments of April 9, June 6 and 17, Aug. 17, and Sept. 8. After the fall of Sebastopol, he was appointed

Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, received a medal, with clasp, the Order of the Legion of Honour, and the fifth class of the Medjidieh, and was made C.B. In 1866, he was selected to accompany the Prussian army, and in 1870 was Military Attaché to the French Army. Being then attached to the army of the Loire, he was present at the various operations round Orleans, including the battle of Artenay. On the evacuation of the city of Orleans, he was taken prisoner by the Germans, and sent to England. His last command of the Royal Artillery was in South Africa, during the latter part of the Zulu War. In 1885, he was appointed Inspector-General of Artillery; and it was during his inspection of ordnance in the Channel Islands that his death occurred, suddenly, on board the steamer Mistletoe.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel George Moubary Lys, C.B., late 20th and 48th Regiments, on the 22nd ult., aged seventy-six.

Walter Moxon, M.D., physician to Guy's Hospital, on the 21st ult., at 6, Finsbury-circus, aged fifty.

Mr. William Anthony Deane, of Webbery, Devon, J.P. and D.L., Major and Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Royal North Devon Hussars, on the 20th ult., aged sixty-five.

Lady Mary Nugent, elder daughter of the late Earl of Westmeath, on the 21st ult., at Pallas, in the county of Galway, aged nineteen.

Lady Dancer (Isabella Laura Elizabeth), wife of Sir Thomas Johnston Dancer, Bart., of Modreeny, and only daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Weare Gardiner, of Coombe Lodge, Oxfordshire, on the 23rd ult., aged thirty-one.

The Hon. Elizabeth Frances Mills, widow of the Rev. Thomas Mills, Rector of Stutton, Suffolk, and youngest daughter of George, fifth Viscount Barrington, on the 26th ult., in her seventy-fifth year.

The Hon. Mrs. Slingsby Bethell (Caroline), wife of the Hon. Slingsby Bethell (second son of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury), and fifth daughter of Mr. William Chaplin, M.P., of Ewhurst Park, Hants, on the 28th ult., at Chelsea Lodge.

Mr. George Francis Lockwood, steel manufacturer, has been elected Master Cutler of Sheffield.

By the invitation of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, 250 of the residents of the Homes for Working Girls in London spent Bank Holiday at their suburban residence, Dollis Hall, Willesden.

At Driffield, near Derby, the foundations of an old Norman castle have been discovered, having a moat, and a ground plan only two feet smaller than the Tower of London. The thickness of the walls ranges from ten feet to fifteen feet.

At a meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund, held on Monday at the Mansion House, it was stated that the amount available for distribution was £38,279, of which it was recommended that £36,679 should be distributed among 103 hospitals and fifty-one dispensaries. Thanks were given to Dr. Wakley for a second donation of £1000 to the fund.

The Portrait of Sir Victor Houlton, G.C.M.G., is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey; that of Sir Julius Von Haast, from one by F. Wheeler and Son, Christchurch, New Zealand; that of Sir Arthur Birch, and that of Sir W. C. Sargeant, by Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond-street; and we have copied photographs by Messrs. Maull and Fox, J. E. Mayall, Boning and Small, Notman, of Montreal, and others, for Portraits of Colonial Commissioners to the Exhibition.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty remains at Osborne, in good health, walking and driving out almost daily. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone arrived at Osborne yesterday week, and had an audience of her Majesty, and delivered up the Privy Seal, and took leave on his resignation. The Queen conferred the honour of knighthood upon several gentlemen. On Saturday the ex-Empress Eugénie visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. Her Majesty and the Royal family and members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, officiating. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales visited the Queen. Countess Hungavitz had the honour of being presented to her Majesty. The Queen held an investiture on Monday, when several Indian and Colonial visitors and other gentlemen were invested with Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Empire. On Tuesday the members of the outgoing Ministry, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville, proceeded to Osborne and delivered to the Queen their seals of office. They were followed by members of the new Ministry, who received the seals of office from her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House from Goodwood last Saturday morning; and was present at the wedding, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, of Lord Alwyne Compton, 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, with Miss Vyner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Vyner. Prince Albert Victor was likewise at the wedding. The Prince of Wales left London in the afternoon for Portsmouth, where he embarked on board the Royal yacht Osborne, and proceeded to Cowes. He was joined at Chichester by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud. The Prince, as Commodore, presided, on Monday, at the annual meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, held at the Club Castle, Cowes. After the investiture by the Queen, the Colonial and Indian gentlemen present visited, previous to their departure for London, the Prince and Princess on board the Royal yacht Osborne, and were entertained at tea by the Princess.

Princess Beatrice and her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, paid a visit to Southampton last Saturday, her Royal Highness having consented to open the joint shows of the Royal Southampton Horticultural Society and the Hants and Isle of Wight Bee-keepers' Association, of which last-named society the Princess is president.

Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck) and the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria, who have been staying during the past week on a visit to the Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe, at Luton Hoo, Beds, returned to White Lodge, Richmond Park, on Tuesday. The Duchess reopened the Free Public Library at Richmond, which has been closed for some time while the premises have been enlarged.

Farewell addresses were on Monday presented to Lord Aberdeen at Dublin Castle by the Cork Corporation and Harbour Commissioners, and the Dublin Trades Council. His Excellency knighted Dr. William Stokes.—Lord Aberdeen held his farewell Levée on Tuesday, the attendance being very large. The day was observed as a holiday in Dublin, where the Corporation and other public bodies did their utmost to honour the outgoing Lord Lieutenant. Numerous addresses were presented, and the trades procession to the railway station assumed gigantic proportions.

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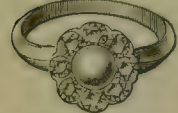
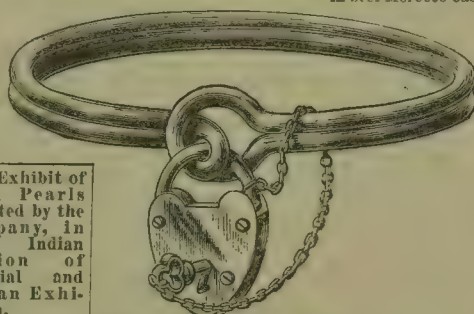
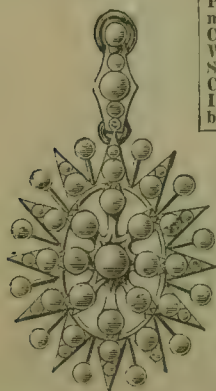
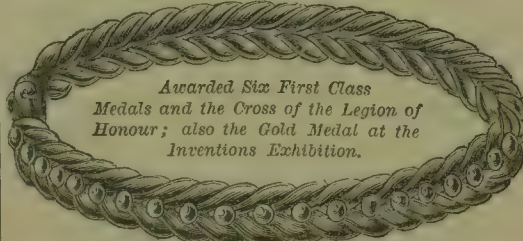
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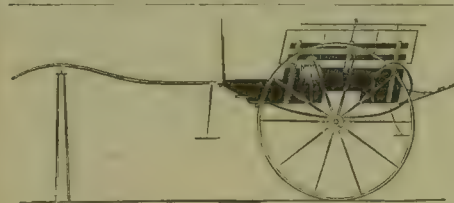
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INDIAN COLONIAL AND EXHIBITION

VICTORIA

The colony of Victoria lies at the south-eastern extremity of the vast Australian continent, between the 34th and 39th parallels of south latitude, and the 141st and 150th meridians of east longitude. Its extreme length is about 420 miles, its greatest breadth about 260 miles, and its extent of coast line nearly 600 geographical miles. On the north and north-east it is bounded by the colony of New South Wales, and on the west by the colony of South Australia. On the south-east its shores are washed by the Pacific Ocean, and on the south by the Southern Ocean. The area of Victoria is 87,884 square miles, or 56,245,760 acres, being about a thirty-fourth of the whole continent of Australia, and nearly as large as England, Wales, and Scotland combined. Although not the largest of the Australian colonies, Victoria is the most populous, now containing, it is estimated, one million inhabitants, being 40 per cent of the population of all Australia. Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, and the chief city in the southern hemisphere, is situated on the river Yarra, a short distance from the shore of Port Phillip, which is a land-locked bay forty miles broad, with a narrow entrance from the sea. The first white man who ever sighted this part of Australia was Lieutenant Grant, who surveyed the coast from Wilson's Promontory to Western Port in 1801. In the course of this voyage he landed on Phillip Island, and cultivated a garden patch with a coal-shovel, the only implement available. On April 26, 1802, Flinders entered Port Phillip in H.M.S. Investigator, on board of which was Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, then a midshipman. The country was then a portion of New South Wales, and on the report of Flinders, Governor King dispatched Mr. Charles Grimes, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, to make an examination of the newly-discovered bay. Later on, Colonel Collins made an expedition to the present site of Melbourne; but so unfavourable was his opinion of the locality that, in his despatch, dated Port

Jackson, Nov. 26, 1803, Governor King writes to him:—"It appears, as well by Mr. Grimes' survey as by your own report, that Port Phillip is totally unfit in every point of view." In a letter to Lord Hobart, Collins concludes by saying:—"When all the disadvantages attending this bay are publicly known, it cannot be supposed that commercial people will be very desirous of visiting Port Phillip." Collins's report effectually blocked the progress of the district, and for twenty years no attempt was made to explore it, the only white man in Victoria during that time being Buckley, a convict who escaped from Collins's charge, and made his home among the blacks. In 1833 the first settlement was made at Portland Bay, 266 miles west of Melbourne, by Mr. Edward Henty, a banker of Sussex, the real father and founder of the colony. The settlement on the site of the present town of Melbourne was founded in 1835, by Batson and Fawcner, who, with great forethought, bought about 1,000,000 acres of land (which would now include the whole site of Melbourne and all its suburbs) from the natives, in return for a hundred pounds of flour, some blankets, and a few tomahawks. This bargain, however, was ignored by the Government. The rich pasture lands in the neighbourhood of Melbourne and Geelong soon attracted capitalists; immigration from Great Britain swelled the population; thousands of acres were put under crop; and in 1850 Port Phillip, not fifteen years old, had a population of 76,000, a revenue of £230,000, and exports to the value of £760,000. The year 1851 was an eventful one in the history of Victoria, in more ways than one. On July 16 she was separated from New South Wales, and commenced her existence as a separate colony; but other and more stirring events were at hand, destined to influence not only the prosperity of a young colony, but the trade and commerce of the whole civilised world.

Gold in minute quantities had been discovered as early as

1849; but it was not until 1851 that the payable diggings in the neighbourhood of Ballarat were opened up. Victoria awoke to find herself famous, and the steady flood of riches which from that time forth she poured into the lap of civilisation, raised her at one bound to the position of one of the wealthiest countries in the world. Since that time no less than £216,000,000 of gold has been extracted from the mines of Victoria, the bulk of which is represented by the golden arch of triumph which adorns the entrance to the Victoria Court at the Exhibition.

Melbourne is now the greatest of colonial cities, and contains, with its suburban municipalities, eighteen in number, all lying within a radius of ten miles from the Townhall, a population of 305,000 inhabitants. Situated about three miles from the shores of Port Phillip, to which some of its suburbs extend, the main portion of the town covers a succession of undulating ridges, on the banks of the Yarra river, which runs through the middle of the town. It is beautifully laid out in rectangular blocks, with wide and regular streets, the pavements broad and well lighted. Many of the public buildings are not only very handsome, but of great architectural merit. The churches and Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, the Townhall, Post Office, new Law Courts, Museum, Free Library, and National Gallery, are specially worthy of admiration. Many of the banks have apparently more money than they know what to do with, and the amount of capital that has been sunk in the building of some of these institutions is quite astonishing. The Bank of Victoria is constructed after the model of one of the Venetian palaces, the interior beautifully fitted with cedar and white marble. Altogether, it is doubtful whether any one street in London can show so many fine buildings in the same space as Collins-street in Melbourne. Strolling down the shady side of the "block" on a summer's



GROUP OF ABORIGINES.

day, and watching the youth and beauty of Melbourne dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, the streets thronged with hansoms, omnibuses, and private carriages, who would credit that thirty years ago the scene of so much luxury and refinement was a broken forest, and Collins-street itself a quagmire impassable in wet weather even for a bullock-dray? Success is the prevailing characteristic of the whole town: it is written in the cheerful countenances of the passers-by, and reflected in the broad plate-glass windows of the thriving shops; it smiles in the luxurious comfort of the carriages that roll along the well-paved streets; it glares defiant in the massive granite columns of the banks; everywhere is apparent the hopeful energy of a prosperous social life, whose experience has never been darkened by disaster. In the suburbs to the south of Melbourne are situated innumerable villa residences, belonging to the wealthy inhabitants. The gardens and grounds of many of them are very extensive and most beautifully laid out, and upon many of the houses large sums of money have been expended in fitting them up with every appliance of modern comfort and luxury. Society in Melbourne is most cheerful; money is made freely and spent generously, with much hospitality to strangers and visitors. Cricket, racing, football, and yachting are the favourite popular amusements, the proficiency of Australians in the first-named of these pastimes being well known; but this is perhaps due to the fact that their climate allows them to practise for nine months out of the year. In lawn-tennis and dancing the women especially excel; a lawn-tennis court and a magnificent ball-room are common appendages of a Melbourne residence. It may also be remarked that, after a public-house, a police-court, and a church, the first thing that is laid out in a new township is always a race-course, Young Australia being as much at home in the saddle as out of it. Melbourne supports two first-class race-courses—Flemington and Caulfield. The first of these is the arena in which is fought out the great struggle for the "Melbourne Cup," a two-mile race, which every year brings out a field of horses that cannot be surpassed on any race-course in the Old Country. "Cup Time" is the Victorian carnival, attracting ten of thousands of visitors from every part of Australia. The arrangements connected with the racing at Flemington are absolutely perfect. Forty or fifty thousand people are every day conveyed out by rail, a distance of six miles, without a hitch or a mistake; a hundred thousand more find their way out by roads, on which the dust is carefully laid by water-carts. The grand stand itself is an enormous building, and the lawn in front is so spacious, that even the huge assembly cannot succeed in making it unpleasantly crowded. The steeplechase course, three miles in length, with sixteen jumps of solid timber or masonry, from 4 ft. 3 in. to 4 ft. 9 in. high; is by far the stiffest in existence. Serious accidents occasionally occur; but Australian horses, as a rule, are extraordinarily sure fencers, though they fly all their jumps at racing pace; and it is no uncommon thing to see nine or ten horses, some of them carrying over 13 st., go round the course without a single mistake. The amount of added money given away last year by one club alone (the Victoria Racing Club) amounted to £20,000.

Marvellous as is the city of Melbourne itself, however, there are other wonders in Victoria, of recent growth, which cannot fail to excite astonishment. Ballarat, the second largest city of Victoria, is situated one hundred miles from Melbourne, and has a population of 40,000. It well deserves the title of the "Golden City," for no district in the world ever produced so much gold in so short a time. In the old time colossal fortunes were sometimes made in a few days, with no more appliances than a pick, and a shovel, and a tin wash-dish. In one claim alone, only a few feet square, a man and his son took out £60,000 in a little over a week's work. The "Welcome" nugget, found in 1858, of which a model is exhibited in the Victoria Court, was sold for £10,500. In another claim one tub-full of wash-dirt yielded £3235 in gold. These were all surface workings; but experience has shown that the deep ground at Ballarat is almost equally valuable. The alluvial diggings are still carried on at a depth, in many instances, of several hundred feet, and sometimes considerably deeper. Some of these underground alluvial workings extend over an enormous area, and have yielded heavy dividends for many years past, and still continue to pay handsomely. Sandhurst, the third city of Victoria, distant a little over one hundred miles from Melbourne, has a population about equal to that of Ballarat. This is the great quartz-reefing district of the colony, and here are situated some of the most extensive gold-mines in the world. The average yield of gold per ton of quartz is not more than one-third as great as that of Charters Town, in Queensland; but the output of quartz is far greater, owing to the field having been much longer in existence. The reefs, as a rule, are of a considerable size, and the machinery being of the most perfect description, dividends can, in many cases, be paid from a yield of 4 dwts. of gold to the ton of quartz. There are now many mines from which very rich quartz is being obtained from depths varying from 1000 ft. to 2000 ft. Mr. George Lansell's principal mine at Sandhurst is being worked at between 2000 ft. and 2500 ft., and fresh reefs have recently been struck, the existence of which could never have been suspected from any indications nearer the surface. Extensive and important as are the known mines of Victoria, the total area of them is insignificant compared with what will undoubtedly be opened up as time progresses. A true reef is practically inexhaustible, whereas an alluvial claim is capable of being completely worked out; so that, in the future, the yield from quartz will progressively exceed that from alluvial working. To show the gross amount of gold raised from some of the principal mines, we mention that the Madame Berry mine, at Creswick, the premier alluvial, has yielded 120,000 ounces; the Band of Hope and Albion Consols, 519,551 ounces alluvial, and 105,889 ounces from quartz; the Long Tunnel, Valhalla, 447,308 ounces; the Port Phillip and Colonial Company's, at Stawell, 320,000 ounces; and the Garden Gully and United Gold-mining Company, at Sandhurst, 285,000 ounces.

The agricultural returns of Victoria show that for the year ending March 31, 1884, there were 2,215,923 acres under tillage. Of this, wheat occupied 1,104,392 acres, giving a yield of 15,570,245 bushels. The wheats of Victoria in general are of a very high average quality, but it is probably not generally known that wheat grown in the Sandhurst district is equal to South Australian and superior to the wheat of any other country in the world, commanding the highest price in the London market, on account of its excellent quality for bread-stuffs. The greatest weight recorded of a bushel is 69 lb. 4 oz., the average being 61 lbs. As much as sixty bushels to the acre have been obtained, but such returns are of course unusual.

Wine is now extensively made in the colony, and some of the varieties have taken a high place in the estimation of European critics. Large vineyards have now been planted, the average yield being 250 gallons to the acre. Samples of every description of colonial wine are "on tap" at the Exhibition, and the British public can therefore judge of their qualities.

The hard woods in the Victoria Court, though perhaps hardly equal in beauty and in variety to the Queensland exhibits, are of equal sterling worth and quality for economical

purposes. Specimens of railway sleepers of red gum box-tree and iron-bark are to be seen which have been in use for twenty-two years, and upon which neither contact with the ground, exposure to the weather, nor lapse of time have produced the slightest vestige of decay. To the south-east of Melbourne lie the Dandenong ranges, whose slopes are covered with endless forests of magnificent timber. The scenery here is the most picturesque in any part of Australia, the mountains being wooded to the very summit, the ravines and rocky gullies between filled with magnificent tree-ferns growing around the base of the mighty giants of the forest. Here are to be found the largest trees in the world, exceeding in girth and height even the far-famed mammoth trees of the Yosemite Valley. In the Dandenong ranges trees 420 feet in height have frequently been measured. The largest of all is a fallen tree near Fern-tree Gully, measuring 450 feet clear to the first branch, and 36 feet in diameter, 10 feet from the base. The acacias of Victoria are all valuable from the many advantages which they present; the timber is exceedingly beautiful, the bark is used for tanning, the flowers for scent, and the gums have a marketable value.

One of the staple products of Victoria, as of the whole of Australia, is, of course, wool. In 1884, the total number of sheep in the colony was 10,739,000, showing a decrease of 1,000,000 since 1879. The colony is about fully stocked; and, as land is being rapidly taken up in allotments for the extension of existing townships, the number of live stock will probably never be any higher than it is now. In 1883, the clip of wool from the 10,172,000 sheep was 52,223,000 lb., valued at £3,321,000, a return of rather more than 6s. per sheep. Great care has been expended in bringing the flocks of Victoria to a high state of perfection, and a large amount of capital laid out in the purchase of stud sheep. At the last Melbourne sales, £1150 was paid for a ram bred by Mr. David Taylor, of Tasmania, a price by no means unprecedented in the annals of the colony. The flock-masters of Victoria have been amply repaid for their enterprise, evidence of which is to be found in the admirable quality of the samples of wool which are exhibited in the Victoria Court. The genial climate, the pure, dry atmosphere, and the excellence of her pastures have combined with the skill of her stock-owners to raise Victoria to the position of the first wool-growing country in the world. In the large pastoral properties the merino is the sheep invariably bred. Wherever the rainfall is above the average, and especially in the moist heavily-grassed districts near the coast, there are many flocks of long-wools kept, the Lincoln being the breed which is now generally preferred. The great bulk of the sheep in Victoria are entirely dependent upon the natural pastures of the country for food, and in times of drought the deaths are occasionally very numerous. In order to neutralise this danger, experiments are now being made with the view of ascertaining in what way fodder can best be grown and stored.

When Victoria was first colonised, labour was, of course, very scarce; and cattle-breeding, as requiring fewer hands than sheep-farming, was preferred by the majority of the pioneers. The enormous profits realised from sheep to a great extent displaced the rearing of cattle as the colony became more settled; but, from the outset, great care has been devoted to the stud-herds of Victoria. Shorthorns have superseded all other breeds, and now monopolise the attention of cattle-breeders. Some animals of the highest pedigree have been imported from England, and have thriven so well that some of the shorthorns now bred in the colony are quite as good as any reared in the old country. A few years ago 2000 guineas was paid for a heifer, and an imported bull of the "Duchess" strain realised 4000 guineas in Melbourne. Every year a large number of young shorthorn bulls are sold in Victoria, and sent to the central and northern districts of Queensland, with the result that few countries in the world can show so many millions of well-bred cattle as are now to be found on the boundless pastures of Northern Australia. The number of cattle in 1884 was 1,297,000, beyond which it is not likely to increase.

Australia in general is a very poor country for sport in the way of shooting, fishing, and the like. In some places there is fair snipe and duck shooting to be had, and plenty of quail. The pleasures of a kangaroo-hunt very soon pall, and one comes to regard them as the vermin that they really are. Rabbits in some places are a perfect pest, and large rewards have been offered by Government for any method of getting rid of them.

The third volume of Mr. N. H. Westlake's *History of Design in Painted Glass* (Jas. Parker and Co., London and Oxford) is devoted exclusively to the development of the art during the fifteenth century. The Perpendicular style of architecture, which then dominated in England, lent itself, especially in its earlier forms, to the increased use of stained glass. The larger windows were usually filled by single figures, under canopies or on pedestals, as may be seen at Gloucester and Wells Cathedrals. The draperies, in most cases, still show Gothic characteristics; but whether this is not rather traceable to the influence of Continental artists is a matter open to discussion. The subject pictures of this period begin to show perspective; and landscape begins to be used, houses, trees, and clouds being introduced generally on a blue ground. The influence of William Wykeham on glass-painting was as marked as in other branches of art and learning. He left, by will, a considerable sum for the glazing of the windows of Winchester Cathedral; and probably to one and the same hand we owe what remains of the glass at the College chapel, the chantry, and the Hospital of St. Cross. Oxford was not likely to escape the same influence, as the windows at Merton, Trinity, and All Souls' bear witness. At the last named there is a curious innovation observable, and obviously connected with the peculiar customs of the college, for in the ante-chapel we find the four "Latin" Doctors, SS. Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose, and Gregory, with the emblems usually assigned to the four Evangelists. The Perpendicular style, moreover, was especially favourable for an elaborate treatment of the "Jesse Tree," so freely used in Christian art teaching; and by no means the least interesting part of Mr. Westlake's work for general readers are his theories on this subject, which was, according to his view, especially employed to exhibit the fulfilment of Messianic prophecies. The east window at Winchester College is perhaps the most perfect specimen of a fifteenth century design of the Jesse tree; and it should be compared with the fourteenth century designs to be seen at Shrewsbury, Wales, and Bristol. On the Continent the most important specimens of fifteenth century glass are to be found at Le Mans, Rouen, Bourges, and Amiens, in France; at Hildesheim, Nuremberg, and Ulm, in Germany, and at Tournai in Belgium. Mr. Westlake reminds us also that at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, the windows in the Trinity Chapel are now filled with a part of a series of four windows once in the Church of St. Jacques, at Liège, and their represent members of the family of Count Horn and their patron saints. In Italy the churches of Florence and Bologna bear testimony to the condition of glass-painting at that period, which is distinguished by brightness of colour rather than by excellence of drawing.

NEW BOOKS.

Among useful books of reference, such as it is advisable to have always within easy reach, must be numbered *The Crown Prince of Germany: a Diary* (Sampson Low and Co.), though it be little more than an intermixture of "Whitaker's Almanack" (a most excellent, learned, and helpful work, by-the-way) and the *Morning Post*, or of two similar German publications. The title is likely to create a false impression (not that there is any intention, of course, of misleading anybody), as if it were to be understood that the volume contains a diary kept by the Crown Prince himself, and published at his instance. It is nothing of the kind; it is, for the most part, merely a statement, in chronological order, with dates duly given, of the principal events in which the Crown Prince and the public have been concerned in common, since his birth, in 1831, to the "thirty-fifth anniversary" of his "merciful escape in a railway accident," Jan. 11, 1886. Whoever expects revelations and curious confessions after the manner of Mr. Pepys will encounter disappointment; there is not a glimpse of the skeleton which Crown Princes as well as other people keep carefully locked up in a private cupboard and never mention save with pen, ink, and paper in the secret diaries they are obliged to keep for the relief of their feelings. Whether the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess quarrel, as has been related of King William III. and Queen Mary, over a dish of young green peas, will not be discovered from this anonymous work; nor is there a breath of scandal from the beginning to the end. On the other hand, the memory is refreshed concerning many noteworthy occurrences; many impressive scenes are recalled from oblivion; and occasionally an amusing incident or conversation is recorded. Especially interesting and entertaining is the short account of a dinner given by Prince Von Bismarck to the Crown Prince at Versailles in the momentous year 1870, when the spirits of the Chancellor were naturally good, and he spoke of a certain gentleman who "was pretty well made up of what was false: he had false hair, false teeth, false calves, and one false eye. In fact, as he lay in bed, till he got up, all his best faculties were lying about him on the chairs and dressing-table."

Reasonable and commendable as is the orthodox belief in the benevolent design of the Creation, it is in some danger of being shaken by the representations made in *A Year in Brazil*: by Hastings Charles Dent, C.E., F.L.S., F.R.G.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), touching the plague of "carrapatos" and other insects, for the existence whereof it is difficult to assign a cause beyond or besides the express purpose of rendering life an intolerable burden both to the accustomed inhabitant and to the unaccustomed traveller. In the present instance, however, the traveller was an entomologist; and it is just possible that the insects got wind of the fact, passed the word along from one to another, and did their level best to make things hot for him. This, at any rate, they did; and an appreciable part of his "year in Brazil" must have been spent in ridding his body of the ubiquitous "carrapato," described as "a kind of tick, which burrows its head in your flesh, and has to be dug out with the point of a knife." After these creatures, it seems superfluous to talk of "jiggers" and other torments; an occasional scorpion is only a pleasant diversion; a cobra is all in the day's work; a couple of hundred ants under your pillow are a mere trifle; and a nocturnal wolf creates only a languid excitement. Insects, it appears, were the author's "special object" (independently of the business upon which he was dispatched); and one would think that he had enough of them to last him to the age of Methuselah. How the author managed to accomplish so much as he did in a single year, enough to fill a very large volume with the record of it, passes comprehension; he went out to survey a railway (a task which he carried to a satisfactory conclusion), but he had "scientific friends" who intimated to him that they expected him "to carry on extensive researches, make collections, and take notes on most of the branches of natural science." If they be not content with the manner in which he strove to fulfil their expectations, it cannot be on the ground of quantity, as regards the information collected, but of quality, of which they are the most competent judges, and on which they must be left to pronounce an opinion. Suffice it here to say that he has filled 256 large pages with a narrative of personal experience in Brazil, and has made up the tale to about 500 by the addition of other matters, including notes about mines, about electoral representation, about railways, about religion, about slavery, about finance and coinage, about meteorology, about monkeys, rats, armadillos, ounces, and sloths; about birds, reptiles, molluscs, and insects in their thousands; about the theory of evolution, about protective colouring and mimicry (whereby edible insects avoid or have a chance of avoiding the devourers of their kind), about botany, and about geology. There are ten notable illustrations, there are two apparently more than usually trustworthy maps, and there is the index, which always deserves the most cordially grateful acknowledgment.

Opportuneness, at any rate, may be claimed for the two volumes entitled *Eighty-five Years of Irish History*: by William Joseph O'Neill Daunt (Ward and Downey), in so far as the subject of the work has lately come to the front with more than ordinary conspicuousness, and is likely to be a particularly prominent theme of discussion for some time to come. From another point of view, however, the book is already too late; for the author's aim was evidently to make out a good case for Home Rule, which, when he wrote his preface, he must have regarded as all but won. Therein, as we now know, he made a great mistake; and he will, perhaps, be inclined to reconsider what he says in his preface about "the hostility of the Orange party," which hostility, he asserts, "has been usually followed by the triumph of whatever measure they opposed." The author's history, then, is necessarily coloured by a deep tinge of political partisanship. It may be the less trustworthy, but it is certainly not the less interesting on that account; and everybody who can spare the time may be recommended to read it, and to supplement the reading of it by collation thereof with other narratives, both partial and impartial. As regards the perpetration of horrors and iniquities, it is to be feared that there is no more choice between the records of the two Irish parties than there is between the pot and the kettle, whether the collective body or the individuals be weighed in the balance; and there is really no argument to be founded upon any such evidence. Most people nowadays take a general, common-sense view of the question. Granted, they say, that the Union was effected by unjustifiable means, yet if we are to undo everything that has been done by unjustifiable means, and yet has endured for nearly a hundred years, it is to be feared that we shall get no "forrarder" than Penelope got with her needlework. Besides, they continue, the four grievances on which O'Connell based his claim for repeal are stated—on the authority of persons who ought to know—to have been all redressed; and if we are to go back to 1800, we might as well go back a little farther, and then a little farther, until we arrive at the era of Henry II., whom the Pope himself recommended as their lord to the Irish, when the four Kings were always at loggerheads, and when he of Ulster claimed supremacy over the other three. What would the Home

Rulers say if Ulster now set up her horn as high as that? One fact the author hardly seems to have taken into sufficient account: of late years, as nobody can deny, there has been every disposition on the part of the English nationality and Government to atone for the past, so that, if Home Rule be refused, it is not for want of good-will but on other grounds entirely.

The student of history will find little or nothing that is new in the *Memoirs of the Duchess De Tourzel* (Remington and Co.), published by her great-grandson, the Duc des Cars. The Duchess held for four years (1789-1793) the post of governess to the children of France; and had under her care the Dauphin, from the age of four, and "Madame" Elizabeth, afterwards the Duchesse d'Angoulême, aged ten. Madame De Tourzel had in her veins the very bluest blood in all France, including that of the Croys—of whom it was said that they had in their possession a picture representing the Deluge, and one of their ancestors swimming towards the Ark, with the epigraph "Monsieur Noë, Monsieur Noë, sauvez les papiers de la famille Croy." Coming of such a stock, it is not surprising to find Madame De Tourzel speaking of all shades of the National party as "rebels, bandits, and assassins." It was, nevertheless, to Danton, Billaud-Varennes, and, above all, to a young man named Hardi, that she and her daughters subsequently owed their lives. The account of the manner in which the last named risked his own life in order to enable Mlle. De Tourzel to escape, is perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book; and it would be amusing, were it not sad, to notice how little account the aristocratic young lady makes of M. Hardi's generous service; but her mother, it must be added, bears willing testimony to his noble devotion, and his refusal to accept the least reward. Madame De Tourzel apparently knew nothing of what was really passing in the political world; but it is easy to see from her narrative the weakness of the King, the blind fatuity of his advisers, and the total incompetency of his friends to aid him in any effectual way. Louis XVI. might have left France, or at all events Paris, with perfect safety and dignity had he seen the moment when his personality still had weight with the people—as after the Fête Fédérale (July 14, 1790); but he missed his opportunity. And even the flight to Varennes might have succeeded had it not been for the ineptitude of the Duc de Choiseul, and the utter want of resource displayed by all who had the management of the business. Madame De Tourzel seems to have taken very considerable pains to assure herself that the child who died in the Temple was the Dauphin, and her testimony upon this point is conclusive. It is, however, more open to doubt whether she is correct in her statement that Pétion and his Jacobin friends accepted 800,000*fr.* from this King to extricate the Royal family only a few days before the massacre of Aug. 10, 1792; but it must be admitted that she asserts the fact as of her own knowledge. Perhaps the most interesting remark she makes in reference to the secret history of those times is "that the Queen told her, with no little bitterness, that the Comte de Mercy (the Austrian Ambassador), in whom she had placed so much confidence, had but little sympathy with her in her distress."

There was little dramatic or sensational in the life of the Italian sculptor *Giovanni Duprè* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), as told in simple language by Mr. H. S. Frieze, yet the biography and the two dialogues on art by which it is supplemented constitute a valuable contribution to our knowledge of modern Italian art. Duprè, who came of good but impoverished family, was born at Siena, in 1817, where his father earned his living as an *intagliatore*, or wood-carver, in a city where that art is still pursued with more than ordinary care and aim. Giovanni's passionate attachment to his mother was that which, next to his love for his art, gave colour and character to his life, but it brought him into conflict with his father. His eager desire to be taught his father's business methodically was at length gratified, and Giovanni entered the academy of his native town. In 1840 he won the first prize with a bas-relief representing "The Judgment of Paris," and from this time his life was, for an artist, more than ordinarily smooth and successful. Under the influence of Maggi and Bartolini, he was already beginning to realise the restraints which the false classicism of Canova had imposed upon sculpture; and in his first and, as some still think, his most successful work, "Abel," he displayed that love of nature which afterwards characterised his work. Whether the "naturalists" who have succeeded Duprè, and have passed through many stages, from the "Reading Girl" to the "Dirty Boy"—have not exaggerated Duprè's views and intentions is open to discussion. At any rate, we may safely say that their works are as far removed from the ideal of Michael Angelo as Canova's were from that of Phidias. Duprè's greatest success, in addition to the "Abel" and "Cain" now in the Pitti Palace, was the statue of "Cavour," which is now to be seen in the public gardens of Milan. His last work, the statue of "St. Francis" for the portal of the Cathedral at Assisi, was modelled in clay when death overtook the sculptor, in January, 1882. Its completion in marble is due to his daughter Amalia, who seems to have been the only one of the family who inherited any of her father's genius. Apart from his career as an artist, Duprè's character was singularly attractive; and Mr. Frieze has, with great skill and delicacy, brought out its leading traits. He gives, moreover, some pleasant stories of the artist's personal experience, amongst which one reflecting no small credit upon that much abused man Marshal Haynau merits preserving.

The short description of *Pompeii*, by Mr. W. Butler (Wm. Blackwood), summarises in a pleasant form the researches of archaeologists and the impression of travellers. It is clear that, in spite of half a century of systematic explanation, we at present know but little of the treasures which remain buried in the houses and temples of this luxury-loving city. It is easy to follow Mr. Butler through Mercury-street, stopping at the shops, the fountains, the drains, and the crossing-stones. The Forum, with its statues and temples, the baths and the theatres are carefully described and picturesquely illustrated by classical quotations, which for the nonce seem to wear an application to every-day life. From the inscriptions and the writings on the walls of the public or private buildings we learn, too, that the ways of the world in the first century differed only in language from those of the nineteenth; and that, in spite of the constant supersession of alien races, the Southern Italian remains what he was two thousand years ago—idle, clever, superstitious, and astute. Like the reed, he bends, but does not break under pressure.

We are glad to find that to the second part of *John Leech's Pictures* (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) a notice is appended to the effect that the publishers will provide an index to the work when fully issued, by means of which the date of execution of each drawing can be ascertained. If the obstacles in the way of a chronological sequence were insurmountable, this method is the best solution of the difficulty; but it will entail no small trouble upon the reader who wishes to learn more than the pictures tell him—to wit, the period which gave them point and a *raison d'être*. The principal topics dealt with in Part II. are the pleasures of horsekeeping, and Mr. Briggs' hunting experiences.

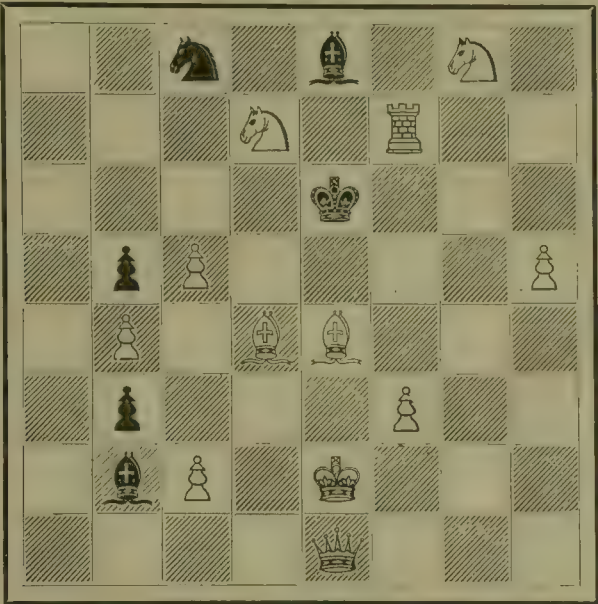
CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2191 to 2194 received from John F. Milner (Christchurch, New Zealand); of Nos. 2197 to 2200 and the two Irish Prize Problems from O. H. Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of Nos. 2201, 2202, and 2203 from Amateur (Havana); of No. 2204 from Thomas Coonan (Dublin); T. Roberts, and Emmo (Darlington); of No. 2204 from Martin's Dispensary, Thomas Coonan, Emmo (Darlington), and B. F. Field (St. Petersburg); of No. 2206 from An Old Lady (New Jersey), Rev. J. Willis, (Barnstable, U.S.A.), Thomas Chown; of No. 2206 and 2207 from F. E. Gibbins (Tilts), J. Walker, (Tilts), E. G. Boys, "Hanky Panky," B. F. Field (St. Petersburg); of Nos. 2206, 2207, and 2208 from Oliver Ingolia, Emmo (Darlington), Thomas Guest; of No. 2206 from Frank Pickering, Martin's Dispensary, T. Roberts; of Nos. 2206 and 2207 from T. G. (Ware), W. Biddle, Peterhouse, Woodliffe, J. S. Cocks; of Nos. 2205 to 2208 from Pierce Jones; of No. 2207 from Den, L. Desanges, J. A. Schuncke, Hereward, Little Bits, J. Hall, F. Brown, S. Kidley, W. B. Smith, H. Z., Lewis Nathan, Julia Short, W. A. F., P. Marshall, Magnus in Parvo, M. A. Nicholson, E. J. Gibbs, Junior, P. R. G. G. Boys, Novice, G. A. Koe, Laura Greaves; of Nos. 2207 and 2208 from E. Loudon, A. Tannenbaum, H. Reeve, Shadforth, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), Otto Fulder (Ghent), E. E. H., Joseph Ainsworth, G. Heathcote, Nerina, W. R. Raillem, G. W. Law, Coup (Lynn), A. G. Hunt, Oliver Ingolia, R. H. Brooks, H. Wardell, Edmund Field, N. S. Harris, L. Falcon (Antwerp), E. Featherstone, R. L. Southwell, Jupiter Junior, H. Lucas, E. Casella (Paris), Ben Norris, S. Bullen, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C. Darragh, B. R. Wood, E. Elsbury, O. Oswald, R. Tweddell, and A. McIntosh; of No. 2208 from T. G. (Ware), Alpha, O. E. P., E. G. Boys, W. Heathcote, Columbus, Rev. Winfield Cooper, and Edward Bygott.

PROBLEM No. 2209.

Competing in the British Chess Association Tourney.
Motto: Ars longa, vita brevis.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The ties for the first and second, and third and fourth prizes, were played off on the 28th and 29th inst., and attracted as many spectators as on any day of the competition. The first game, between Burn and Blackburne, the former having the move, was won by the latter in brilliant style, and the second game was drawn, by mutual consent. Mr. Blackburne therefore gained the first prize, and Mr. Burn the second. It is not the first international tournament in which Mr. Blackburne has taken the first honours, but it is the first in which two Englishmen have taken the first and second prizes. It is worth noting, too, that both are from Lancashire. The result of playing off the tie between Messrs. Gunsberg and Taubenhaus was two drawn games; these gentlemen therefore divided the third and fourth prizes. The fifth, as announced last week, fell to Mr. Mason. The following table shows the respective scores of all the players, each against each, in the twelve rounds of the tourney:—

	Blackburne.	Burn.	Gunsberg.	Taubenhaus.	Mason.	Lipschutz.	Mackenzie.	Zukertort.	Schallopp.	Pollock.	Mortimer.	Hanham.	Bird.	Won.	Lost.
Blackburne ..	—	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8½	3½
Burn ..	0	—	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	8½	3½
Gunsberg ..	0	0	—	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	8	4
Taubenhaus ..	1	0	1	—	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	8	4
Mason ..	0	1	0	0	—	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	7	5
Lipschutz ..	0	0	1	0	0	—	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	6½	5½
Mackenzie ..	0	0	0	1	0	0	—	1	1	0	1	1	1	6	6
Zukertort ..	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	—	1	1	1	1	1	6	6
Schallopp ..	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	—	1	0	1	1	5	7
Pollock ..	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	—	1	0	1	4½	7½
Mortimer ..	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	—	0	0	4	8
Hanham ..	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	—	1	3½	8½
Bird ..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	—	2½	9½
	3½	3½	4	4	5	5½	6	6	7	7½	8	8½	9½	78	78

Appended is the final game in the tie between Messrs. Blackburne and Burn. It is very obvious that the former could have won this game had he cared to press the advantage gained in the opening; but as a *remise* secured the first prize and entailed less labour, he was contented with it.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Burn).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Burn).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Kt takes R, and wins.	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
4. Kt takes P	Q to K 5th	16. Kt to K 4th	K Kt to K 4th
5. Kt to Kt 5th	Q takes K P (ch)	17. R to K 4th	Q to Kt 4th
6. B to K 2nd	K to Q sq.	18. P to Q 4th	
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
8. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to K sq.		
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
10. Q Kt to K 4th	P to B 3rd		
11. R to K sq	Q to B 2nd		
12. B to K B 4th	P to K Kt 4th		
13. B to K R 5th	Q to B 5th		
14. B takes Kt P	P takes B		
15. Kt takes P	Kt to Kt 3rd		
16. Kt to Q 5th			

At the conclusion of the game, Mr. Blackburne pointed out that he might have won here by the following line of play—

16. B takes Kt	P takes B
17. Kt to Q 5th	B to K 2nd

Drawn by perpetual check, both players persisting in repeating the last two moves.

The following game from the competition for the prizes contributed by Professor Ruskin was described by the genial winner as a "gem of purest ray serene." We gladly snatch it from the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean," where these things are usually found:—

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Minchin).	BLACK (Mr. McDonnell).	WHITE (Mr. Minchin).	BLACK (Mr. McDonnell).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	8. Q to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	9. Q to R 4th	R to K 4th
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. Q to R 4th	B to K 2nd
4. Q to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th (ch)	11. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	12. B takes Kt	B takes B
6. B to Q 2nd	Castles	13. Q to B 2nd	P to Q 5th
7. Castles	R to K sq	14. P to B 4th	R to Q R 4th
8. P to B 3rd		15. K to Kt sq.	B to K 3rd
		16. P to B 5th	P takes Kt
		17. R takes Q	It takes R

This appears to us to be rather weak; but, as will be seen further on, Mr. Minchin is not up to his usual form in this game.

This competition is not likely to be concluded this week, but the struggle for the prize lies now between Messrs. Bayless and Jacobs. In the Tennyson competition the Rev. G. A. McDonnell ties with Mr. H. G. Gwynn with an equal score. The highest scores in the Amateur Championship Tourney are as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Games to play.		Won.	Lost.	Games to play.
Mr. Gattie ..	13	3	2	Mr. Anger ..	10	10	2
" Wainwright ..	13	4	1	" Hooke ..	10½	5½	3
" Jacobs ..	12	6	0	" Donnithorpe ..	10½	5½	2
" Mills ..	11	7	0	" Guest ..	9	3	6

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1879), with two codicils (dated Sept. 9, 1880, and Nov. 22, 1882), of Mr. Andrew Low, formerly of Savannah, Georgia, United States, but late of Beauchamp Hall, Leamington, who died on June 27 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Captain Harry Tremenhare Grenfell, R.N., Major George Coke Robertson, and Pascoe Du Pre Grenfell, three of the English executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £617,000. The testator bequeaths £50,000, upon trust, for each of his five daughters, Amy, Harriet Ann, Catherine Mackay, Mary, and Jessie; £25,000, upon trust, for his grandson, Beville Bruce Grenville Grenfell; an annuity of 300 dols. to his coloured servant, Tom Milledge; 5000 dols. to the Union Society of Savannah; 2000 dols. to the Episcopal Orphans' Home, Savannah; 1000 dols. each to the Widows' Society of Savannah; the Female Orphan Asylum, Savannah; and the Sisters of Mercy of Savannah, for the Catholic Female Orphan Asylum under their charge; £1000 to Lieutenant-General Alexander Low, C.B.; and £500 to each of his other English executors. The entire residue of his estate in England, the United States, or elsewhere, he leaves to his son, William Mackay Low.

The will (dated June 1, 1883), of Mr. Hugh Mason, J.P., D.L., formerly M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, late of Groby Hall, Lancashire, cotton-spinner, who died on Feb. 2 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Rupert Mason and Sydney Mason, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £290,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Anne Mason, the personal use of Groby Hall, with the furniture, pictures, plate, books, effects, liquors, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £1500 during life or widowhood; £15,000, to be raised to £20,000, on the death of his wife, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Bertha and Edith; and £15,000, upon trust, for each of any other daughters he may have. He gives his son Rupert the option of taking Audenshaw Hall or Groby Hall, and his son Sydney the other one—the son taking the property of the higher value is to pay such an amount as will make the gifts to the two brothers equal. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said sons, Rupert and Sydney, and any other sons he may have, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1878), with a codicil (dated Feb. 14, 1879), of Mr. Andrew Pepys Cockerell, one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, formerly of No. 45, Hertford-street, May Fair, but late of No. 11, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, who died on June 9 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Miss Mary Theresa Cockerell, the sister, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £72,000. The testator leaves his freehold house in Mandeville-place to his said sister; and all other his real and copyhold estate to his nephew, John Pepys Cockerell. He bequeaths £3000 to his brother, Horace Abel Cockerell; and the residue of his personal estate to his sister.

The will (dated May 30, 1883) of the Hon. Francis George Molyneux, late of Earl's Court, Tunbridge Wells, who died on May 24 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Miss Constance Philippina Georgina Molyneux, the daughter, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever to his said daughter.

The will (dated March 24, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 23, 1884), of Mr. James George Marben Roberts, late of Broughton-place, Stoke, Ipswich, Suffolk, who died on May 12 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Mrs. Hannah Roberts, the widow, Robert William Coombs, and William Henry Hewitt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £47,000. The testator bequeaths the portrait of his father, with his medals and honours, and the case of instruments taken from the carriage of Joseph Napoleon Buonaparte at the battle of Vittoria to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; £250, his live and dead stock, household goods, furniture, plate, pictures, and effects to his wife; £100 each to his executors, Mr. Coombs and Mr. Hewitt; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1885) of Mrs. Mary Ann Susanna Schuldham Gardner, late of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, who died on June 22 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Donald Larnach and Captain John Leslie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £47,000. The testatrix gives numerous legacies, and the residue of her estate to the said Captain John Leslie.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1879) of Mr. Thomas Robinson, formerly of the firm of Messrs. William Cubitt and Co., No. 258, Grays Inn-road, builders, but late of Stuart Villa, Wood-green, who died on May 1 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by William Marriott Dunnage and the Rev. William Curzon Mackey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, and all his furniture, books, pictures, household effects, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Barbara Robinson, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for her for life. At her death he bequeaths £1000 each to the Builders' Benevolent Institution and St. Pancras Almshouses, Southampton-road, Maitland Park; £250 each to the Provident Institution of Builders' Foremen and Clerks of Works Society, and the Builders' Clerks' Benevolent Institution; and other legacies. The ultimate residue he gives to Mrs. Sophia Jane Curzon Slavers.

The will (dated May 17, 1883) of the Right Hon. Caroline, Dowager Viscountess Harborton, late of Meadowside, Twickenham, Middlesex, who died on May 4 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Viscount Harborton, the son, and the Hon. Miss Esther Caroline Pomeroy, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £5000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the children of her late daughter, Mrs. Mary Anne Wigram; £100 to her said son; and there are bequests to her maid, coachman, and indoor servants. The residue of her property she gives to her daughter, the Hon. Miss Esther Caroline Pomeroy.

At the recommendation of the Officers and Clerks' Committee, the Common Council have agreed to increase the salary of the Remembrancer to £2000 per annum.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. E. R. Fremantle has been appointed to the post of second in command of the Channel Squadron, in succession to Rear-Admiral Algernon C. F. Heneage.

Prizes were distributed on Thursday week to the successful competitors at the Army Rifle Meeting, Caesar's Camp, Aldershot. The "Championship of the Army" was won by Sergeant-Major Johnson, R.E.

The School Management Committee of the London School Board have issued a circular to head teachers, embodying a scheme for carrying out the suggestion of the Prince of Wales that facilities should be afforded the children attending the Board Schools, and their parents, to visit the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

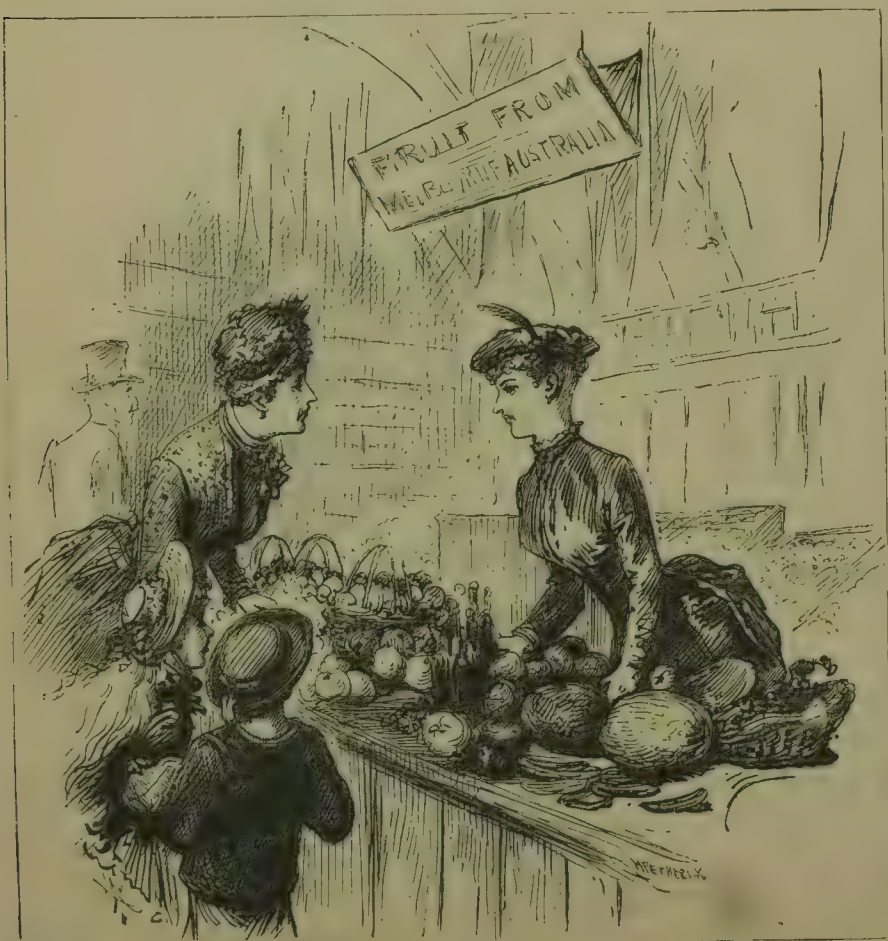
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: VICTORIA.

The great value of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition as an educational institution becomes more and more apparent with each fresh visit. Appetite grows, indeed, on what it feeds in the vast congeries of interesting courts, which his Royal Highness the Executive President wishes, with good reason, to preserve in the useful form of an Imperial Museum exemplifying the world-wide extent and the immense wealth of the Empire beneficently ruled over by her Majesty the Queen.

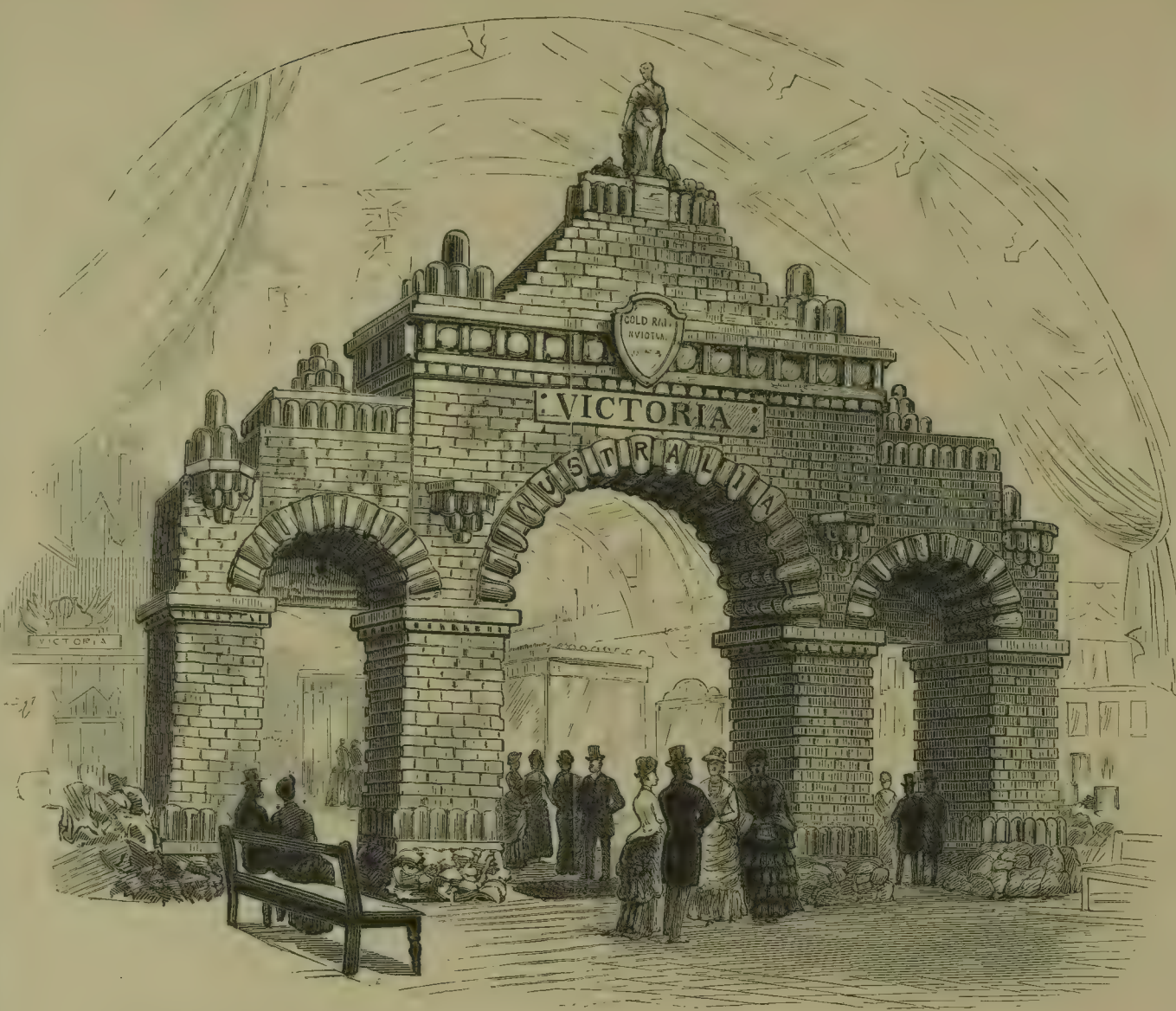
At the commencement of the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign, one pauses with particular interest in front of the bright and gleaming portal of the Victorian Court, illustrated in the present Supplement; for the prosperous Australian Colony represented here in miniature was named after Queen Victoria in the happiest days of her married life. That Victoria is not only a land, figuratively speaking, flowing with milk and honey, but abounding also in gold, is borne witness to in the preceding paper on the colony. But it is impossible to make the most cursory inspection of this court without being reminded again and again of its natural wealth and productiveness, and of the romantic beauty of its scenery. At the outset, a tribute should be paid to Sir Graham Berry, K.C.M.G. (Agent-General for Victoria, and the Executive Commissioner for London, a portrait of whom appeared in our last Number), and to Mr. James Thomson, the indefatigable Secretary, for the admirable manner in which the exhibits from Victoria are disposed to advantage; and especial recognition is also the due of Mr. Joseph Bosisto, M.P., President of the Commission in Melbourne, for his indispensable services in the way of organisation in the colony itself.

The golden plaster of Paris archway which forms the glowing entrance to the Court of Victoria is designed to indicate the bulk of all the gold found in this auriferous colony up to the end of the year 1885, amounting to two hundred and sixteen millions sterling. This brilliant trophy is made to appear as if it were composed of bricks of gold (each of about 1000 oz.), and of retorted specimens, which form the plinth and the crown of the arch. It is banked on each side by pieces of real quartz; and is aptly surmounted by a gilded figure with cornucopia, typical of the Peace and Plenty unmistakably to be found in Victoria.

We are no sooner inside this appropriate golden archway than here, to the right, we have proof positive that Art



AUSTRALIAN FRUIT STALL.



ENTRANCE TO THE COURT; THE GOLD TROPHY.

flourishes in the thriving colony of Victoria. Mr. Graham R. Ferry is to be complimented on the vividness of his terracotta statuette of "Oliver Twist Asking for More"—which, by-the-way, the veriest gamin is not likely to ask in vain for in Melbourne. Then, behind on the wall are several exquisitely executed water-colour drawings of Australian flora, by Mrs. Ellis Rowan, of Derewit, Macedon, a gifted artist, born in South Australia. These ninety-five drawings are as valuable as they are lovely, and naturally arouse the admiration of all who view them, revealing, as they do, the charming beauty of Australian flowers.

Gold is the bright particular talisman, however, of Victoria. Hence, one is plunged perforce into an auriferous reverie when brought face to face with an alluring case of "dummy" nuggets. It is hard to suppress a feeling of covetousness at sight of the facsimile of the Brobdingnagian "Welcome" nugget, which must have been welcome, indeed, inasmuch as it weighed 2195 oz., and was valued at £8780. Ballarat must have been a veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground on or about June 11, 1858, for upon

that date there was a rare "picking" up of "gold," if not of "silver," the "Welcome" treasure being chanced upon at a depth of 180 ft. A small fortune or competency at one delve! For the pretty acceptable, though rather smaller, "Viscount Canterbury" nugget, the miners had not to dig at all so deep; this goodly lump of gold, scaling 1121 oz. 10 dwt., and appraised at £4420, having been discovered in the Berlin mine, but fifteen feet below the surface, on the 31st of May, 1870. The Viscount's mate, "Viscountess Canterbury," bringing a dowry of £3536, was found the same year even nearer the surface of the same mine—namely, at a depth only of six feet six inches. A handsomely furnished and magnificent Castle in Spain may be easily conjured up in avariciously gazing at these and other prizes of the gold-miner's life—till a guide, peradventure, whispers in your ear that these burnished yellow nuggets are but plaster of Paris after all. More solid food for the imagination is forthcoming in the adjacent glass case—a display of real gold and gold-dust. There is the soft glow of the true metal in the small but not at all unacceptable nugget from Ballarat—in the bowl of alluvial gold representing one lucky day's washing at the Madame Berry Company's gold-mine (116 oz. 15 dwt.)—in the Lilliputian nuggets within the bowl of a week's sluicing at Creswick, and in the specimen of retorted gold from quartz exhibited by the Tasmanian Gold Company, and valued at £4563.

Examining treasure-trove of this alluring character, and of the peculiar nature shown in the next case (a real gold nugget embedded in the heart of a piece of quartz), we are not surprised our esteemed collaborateur, Mr. George Augustus Sala, returned from the "Land of the Golden Fleece" with a pocket full of money. Victoria is, or was, El Dorado, indeed.

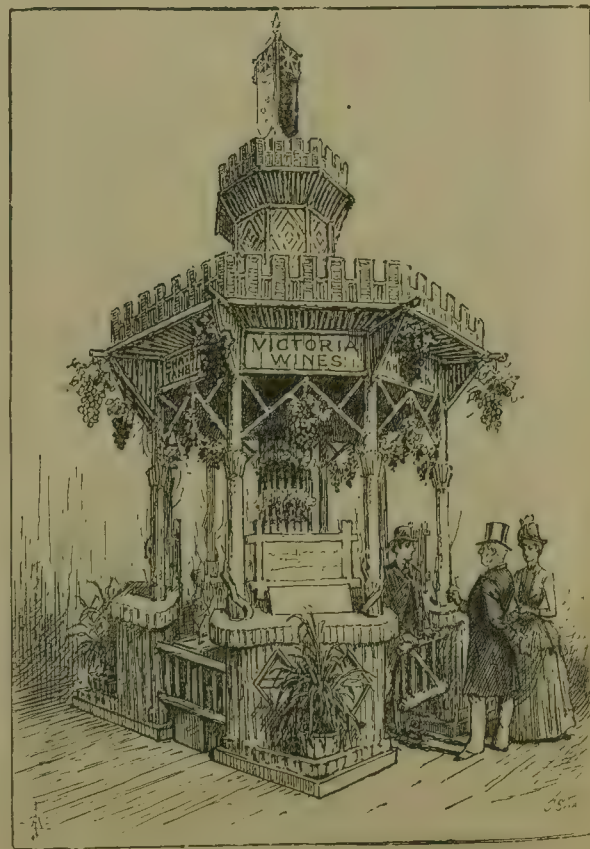
The active part Mr. Joseph Bosisto has taken in contributing to the success of the Victorian Court has already been alluded to. That this public-spirited citizen of Melbourne is held in high estimation is proved by the costly and elegant piece of silver plate skillfully executed by MM. Stokes and Martin, and presented by chemists and druggists to Mr. Bosisto, whose special exhibit is a case of his extremely serviceable eucalyptus oil. The richness of Victoria in clays is shown in the blocks and statuettes on view in the adjoining case, below which are noteworthy examples of the skill of Victorian art-workers in the shape of decorative slabs from the Melbourne Museum.

Our Artist naturally found congenial work for his pencil in the artistic Natural History groups at the end of the principal Victorian Court. These picturesque arrangements of grasses and ferns and aboriginals entitle Messieurs Dick Radclyffe and Co. to considerable credit. Note first the scene to the left. Sheltered by the rude

bark palings, a black Australian native is skinning an opossum (not quite palatable enough to be added to the menu of MM. Spiers and Pond), whilst his squaw blows at the wood fire which is presumably to roast it for dinner; a pickaninny meanwhile, stretched at full length, looking on at the culinary proceedings. The aboriginal sportsman's boomerang and formidable wooden spears are close by; and native baskets hang from the palings. A dingo plays with pups. Hovering over the scene are a red-breasted rosella parrot and cockatoos. A flying squirrel and wild cat may be seen up a tree. Ferns and rushes and grasses grow in picturesque confusion; and a large emu looks on wonderingly in the background.

In the group to the right, the native woman, with babe on back, and her mate are leaving camp. Kangaroos and seals (we are surely at the seaside) abound. A native wild cat clammers up a fern-tree. Yonder darts a kangaroo rat. A black and white Australian magpie is conspicuous; and a beautiful lyre-bird is there to be admired.

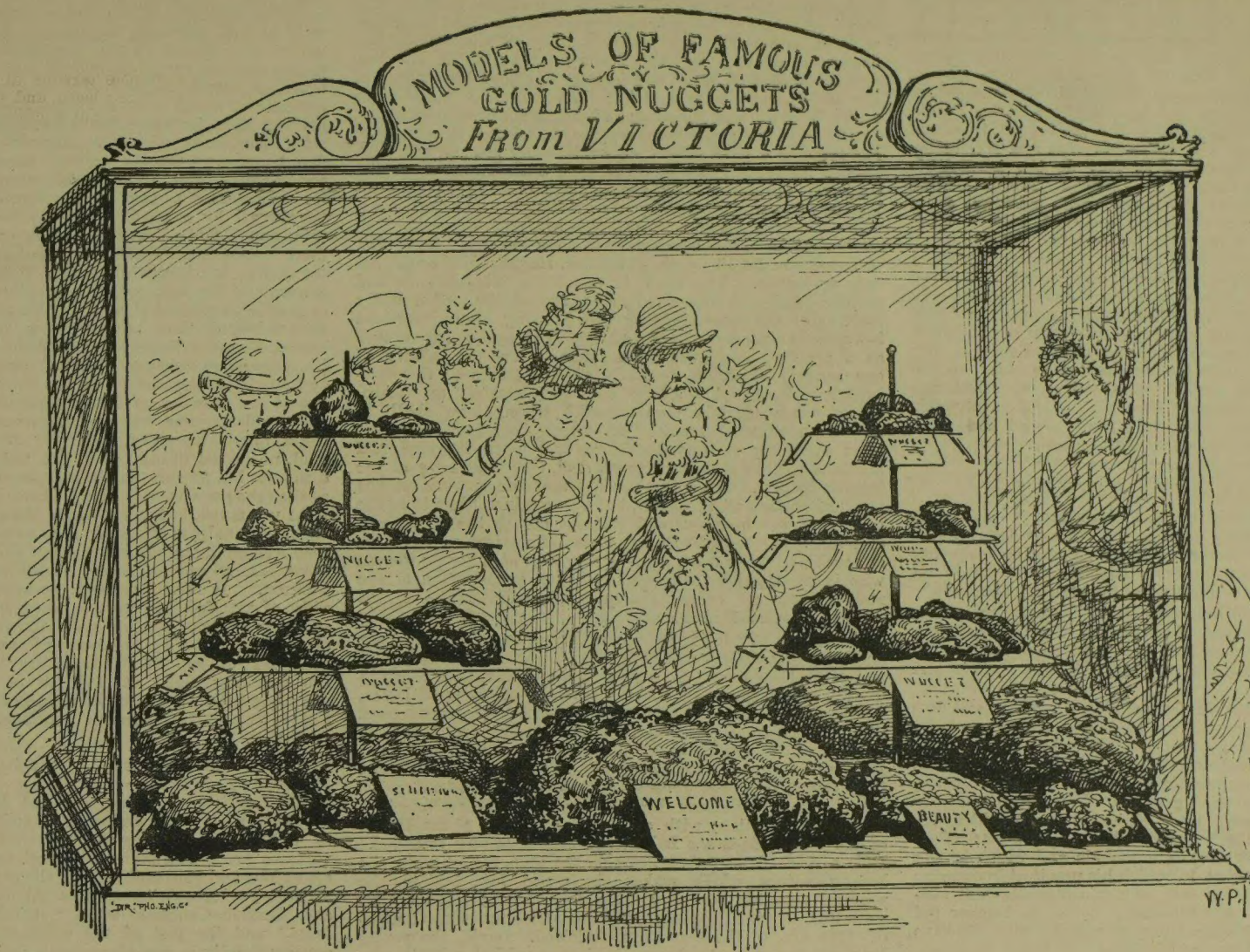
"Advance, Australia!" What a huge step has been taken since the pioneers of the colony first set foot on this distant land, and found the aboriginal monarch of all he surveyed! A good idea of the immense growth of the Capital of Victoria



CHATEAU TAHBILK WINE TROPHY.

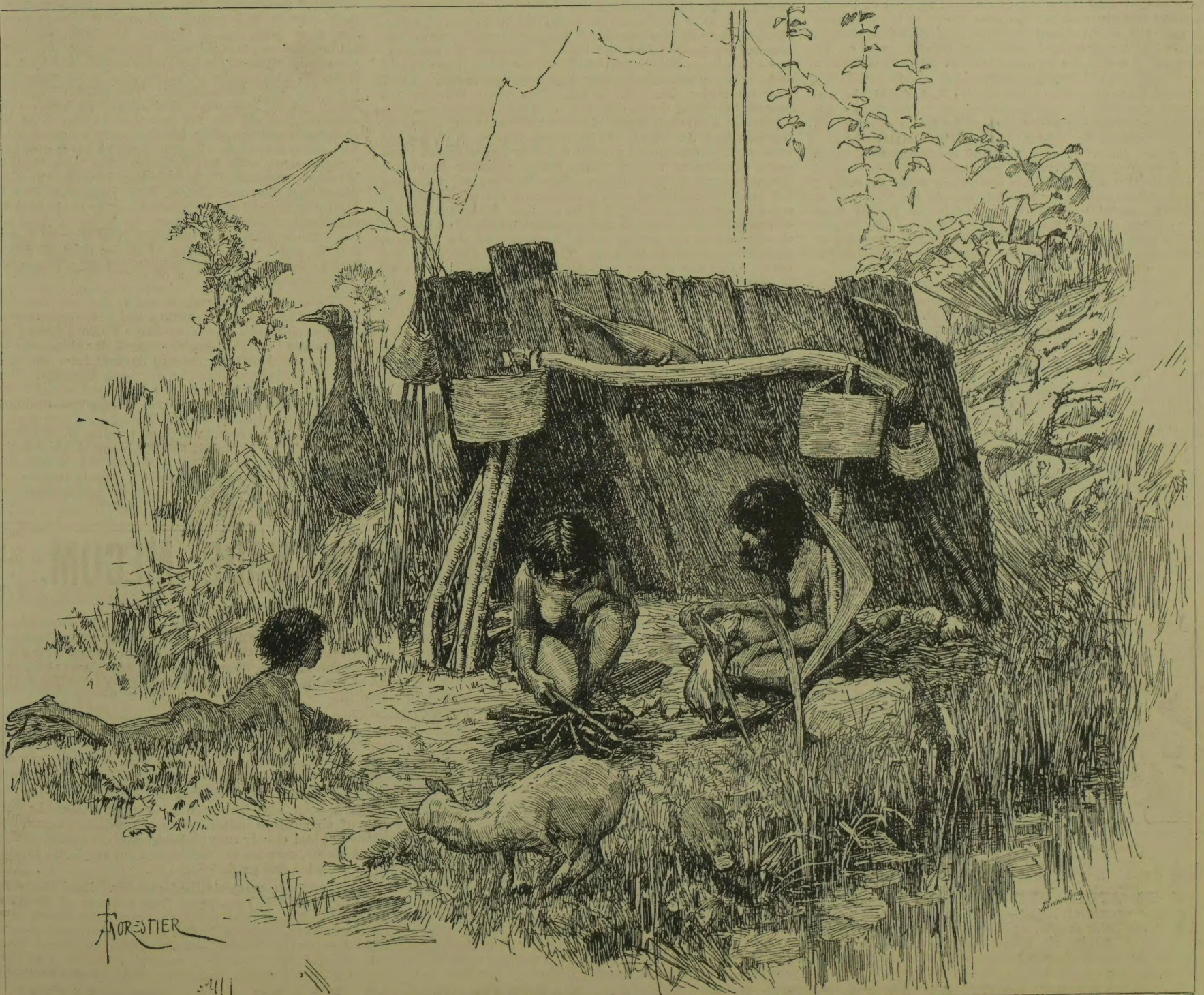
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: VICTORIA.

may be derived from a glance at the two adjoining wall-pictures in the principal entrance-hall of the Exhibition—the paintings which mirror the pastoral condition of the site of Melbourne in 1839, and the city of bricks and mortar, embellished with fine Government offices, churches, chapels, and noble public buildings, existing in 1886. But still more forcibly is the wondrous growth of civilisation in Victoria brought home by contrasting the native groups delineated with the cultivated beauty of the Melbourne Botanic Gardens, picturesquely reflected in the excellent photographs of Mr. J. W. Lindt. Mr. James Thomson avers that in no other large town in the world has a working man so many enjoyments or so many privileges as in Melbourne. He says, and produces a map smothered with red dots in support of his assertion, the whole country, as well as the me-



CASE OF GOLD NUGGETS.

tropolis, is dotted with State schools. The Free Library, Museum, and Picture Galleries, and the Botanic and Zoological Gardens afford gratuitous recreation and instruction to the labourer and mechanic, as well as to the clerk or shopman. In the matter of indoor amusement, the inhabitants are furnished with four theatres and several music-halls; and grand concerts are given weekly in the Townhall and Exhibition Building. Maintaining that, proud as Victorians are of their colony, "they are also proud of being Australians of British blood," Mr. Thomson seasonably adds, "that the British race in Victoria does not suffer deterioration is amply proved by the fact that in each of the University boats in the memorable race of the Third of April last was a Victorian born oarsman—Mr. S. Fairbairn, who rowed No. 5 for Cambridge; and Mr. Robertson, who pulled No. 3



NATIVE ENCAMPMENT.

in the Oxford boat. On several previous occasions, Victorian natives have occupied similar positions, while, as members of various Australian Eleventh, they have well maintained the honour of their adopted home in the cricket-field."

The art and industry of Victoria yield many more most interesting exhibits eminently worthy of illustration; and we shall return to this richly-stored court on another occasion, in order to present fresh Engravings of noteworthy objects. In a ramble through the section arranged on a lower level, the visitor will not fail to admire the elegantly upholstered of the Victorian firm of Messrs. Mowbray, Rowan, and Hicks, whose handsomely furnished apartments are adorned with exquisite taste and fancy by Miss Fanny Purvis. Nor will the neat nooks devoted to the *Melbourne Argus* and *Australian Sketcher*, to the *Melbourne Age* and *Australian News*, escape notice, indicating as they do the journalistic enterprise of Australia. The Chateau Tahbilk Wine Trophy limned overlooks the large wall-painting of a far-spreading and sunny Victorian vineyard, with a winding river meandering through the fertile fields. This Chateau Tahbilk Trophy is exhibited by the Australian Freehold Land and Produce Company, Limited; and on it are displayed bottles of the various wholesome wines of which Victoria may well be proud, such as the red, full, and dry carbinet of the 1882 vintage, the strengthening hermitage, and other wines, which cannot fail in time to become highly popular in England. Ere we leave "Col-India" (with a determination to return to the Victorian Court at the earliest opportunity), we stroll past the Australian Fruit Market, where smiling and comely girls readily dispose of the deliciously fresh apples and pears imported straight from Melbourne and Adelaide.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Requiescat" is a setting by R. P. Arnold of words by his eminent father, Matthew Arnold. The serious tone of the verses is well reflected in the music, which may be made very effective by a voice of moderate compass if allied to an expressive style. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers.

"English Hearts and England's Queen" is a national song, by G. H. Jackson, composed in celebration of the jubilee year of her Majesty. The melody is well marked in its rhythm, and has an appropriately national tone. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers.

The *Organists' Quarterly Journal* (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) has now reached its seventy-first part, and shows no abatement in the interest of its contents. Its able editor, Dr. W. Spark (organist of the Townhall, Leeds), provides a constant succession of original contributions from organists of eminence, himself occasionally furnishing pieces. The current number opens with an "Andante," by F. K. Hattersley, in which the several manuals and the various contrasts of stops are effectively used. The next piece is a prelude and fugue by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, in which his practical knowledge of the instrument and his skill as a contrapuntist are successfully manifested. A "Pastorale," by C. A. Fischer (of Dresden), has much flowing grace of melody, with effective florid elaborations—a "Marche Heroique," by Percy Jackman, closing the number. In this last piece the imposing march portion is well set off by the graceful incidental trio.

"Original Compositions for the Organ," by Otto Dienel (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). These consist of a series of pieces, in various forms and styles, by an eminent organist of Berlin. The books already received comprise works in the scholastic form and others in the modern style, in all of which there is musical interest combined with the effective use of an instrument of which the composer is an acknowledged master.

The *Pictures from Scott* (Edinburgh: T. A. Constable) are principally intended to show to the visitors to the Edinburgh International Exhibition the various processes required to reproduce pictures in colour. Mr. William Holl's designs, however, are deserving of a word of encouragement, apart from the professional instruction they are intended to convey. The part already published deals exclusively with "Waverley," and the subjects chosen by Mr. Holl include the "Quarrel at Luckie Macleary's," "Waverley at the Cave of Donald Bean Lean," "Cairnreochan's Smithy," &c. There is considerable vigour in many of Mr. Holl's designs, but the "Parting of Waverley and Vich Ian Vor at the Prison Gate of Carlisle" is somewhat weak and theatrical.

It is a good idea to reprint, and to illustrate à la Caldecott, *An Undergraduate's Letter of 1754* (Newmarket: Tindall and Co.), which originally appeared in the *Connoisseur*, a periodical that, under the management of the elder Coleman, enjoyed a brief existence. Then, as now, it would seem from this letter, "tipsters," "prophets," and "welshers," and other flowers of the "turf" flourished, but under slightly altered names. The illustrations to this pleasant shilling's-worth are by Mr. Herbert A. Wright, and they are done with capital spirit, and a good idea of the times to which the undergraduate's letter refers. We expect, moreover, that when the writer describes his "little mare as fleet as the wind," he was less near the truth than the artist, who depicts her a stout, thick-set cob, ready to go all day, and to take her corn with an appetite after six hours on Newmarket, in addition to the ride from Cambridge and back.

NOVELS.

Although the literature and the romance of fiction cannot be said to have gained very much by the publication of *Our Radicals*: by Fred. Burnaby (Richard Bentley and Son), yet the author's name, fame, and honourable but lamentable fate will, without doubt, secure for the two volumes a friendly reception, a vast circulation, and a favourable verdict. The story is certainly full of incidents, conceived and described with an audacity and a vigour worthy of the daring and energetic author. But the literary reputation of the late gallant Colonel Burnaby will have to rest upon his account of his adventurous travels rather than upon his posthumous novel. This work of fiction was edited, under great difficulties, by the author's private secretary, Mr. J. Percival Hughes, who has supplied a most interesting explanatory preface, and who, besides performing his editorial task with the greatest and tenderest care, undertook the delicate commission of completing what was necessarily left unfinished. The publishers, moreover, have added a "note," together with a specimen of the author's MS., bearing testimony to the ingenuity, patience, and fidelity with which Mr. Hughes discharged his onerous duties. The story is called "a tale of love and politics," and such indeed it is, with the addition of military matters of the most thrilling and exciting kind; but there is a great preponderance of politics. The author has written as a prophet, anticipating the time when the affairs of our country shall be "entirely in the hands of the revolutionary Radical," a being who is described as "something worse than a Communist," when there shall be an "Irish Channel Tunnel" in which to bring about the most appalling railway accidents, and when England and Scotland will be all (and a great deal, too) remaining of the British Empire. The editor has not ventured to work out the political portion of the novel, but has confined himself to the other part, in which love and romance occupy the chief place, and so far has brought things to as satisfactory a conclusion as could well be desired. The proceedings of a young woman who is employed by the Fenians in the perpetration of the most stupendous crimes are quite Munchausenlike in the marvels which attend them.

In the art of relating hair-breadth escapes and perils by sea and land, few writers can equal Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson; and his latest story, *Kidnapped* (Cassell and Co.), is fully worthy of his fame. In one respect he reminds us of Defoe, who was in the habit of giving what may be called an abstract of his tale on the title-page. And so here we read that the volume relates the adventures of David Balfour in the year 1751, "How he was Kidnapped and Cast Away; his sufferings in a Desert Isle; his Journey in the Wild Highlands; his Acquaintance with Alan Breck Stewart and other Notorious Highland Jacobites; with all that he suffered at the Hands of his Uncle, Ebenezer Balfour, of Shaws, falsely so-called." It is a spirited narrative throughout; true, not only to the human nature which makes the world kin, but to the peculiar clannish feeling and to the code of honour that prevailed in the Scottish Highlands during the troubles of 1745 and of the years that followed. David, the young hero of the story, is brave, bold, and withal a little presumptuous, but a more thoroughly good fellow it would be difficult to find in fiction or in life, and readers young and old alike may be recommended to make his acquaintance. Stewart's character, too, is drawn with admirable art—a man of dauntless courage, quick to take offence, and full of vanity, who thinks it his duty as a gentleman to shield the murderer of a foe, though he would not commit a murder himself. So on one occasion he exposed Alan and himself "to draw the soldiers," and was content that he and his friend should be hunted night and day for an offence they had not committed. There was no choice, he told David; they must take to the heather, or hang; and the tale of their adventures with a price set upon their heads is told with that vivid power of representation in which Mr. Stevenson excels. The interest is so sustained that not a page of the story can be missed; and one is surprised at the art which brings together in closest friendship and in equal danger a fiery Jacobite and a country lad wholly unconcerned with politics, and entirely content to acknowledge the authority of King George. There are touches of humour interspersed in the exciting narrative; and one of these is seen in the way in which the music of the bagpipes reconciles two deadly enemies. They contend with the pipes before using the sword; and Alan at last confesses that he is beaten by Robin Oig—who, by-the-way, is a son of the famous Rob Roy—and he will not fight a man who can play so well. "Robin Oig," he said, "ye are a great piper. I am not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye. . . . It would go against my heart to haggle a man that can blow the pipes as ye can." How the wicked uncle, who is the source of David Balfour's troubles and of the reader's pleasure, is made to suffer at last we shall not venture to explain, for it is not fair to tell too much about a story which is sure to be greedily perused by scores of young readers. For ourselves, though no longer young—"Ah, far the days 'twixt now and then!"—we confess to having hurried through the pages of "Kidnapped" with something like a boy's eagerness and enthusiasm.

There is a great deal of analytical and delineative skill, there is minute realism of the better sort (without the

objectionable attributes which are generally characteristic of that style), and there are many charming scenes and touches to be met with in *Disenchantment*: by F. Mabel Robinson (Vizetelly and Co.); and yet one cannot help thinking that it was scarcely necessary to dwell with such persistency, with such iteration, with such detail upon the very unpleasant and painful spectacle of the drunken husband's constant alcoholic intemperance, whereby he disenchant the wife he had originally fascinated. There is something very pathetic, no doubt, in the terrible dilemma in which he is represented to have been placed, and there is a great deal of truth, no doubt, in the awful condition of things described, a condition which many a long-suffering wife might probably declare, from her own experience, to be strictly in accordance with the facts of daily existence; but the subject of drunkenness, whatever excuse there may be for it, is too common and stale to be interesting, and, as regards its concomitants, too mean, sordid, and disgusting to be studied by a reader with any feeling short of positive revulsion. Some drunkards, perhaps, can scarcely be held more responsible for their dreadful failing than born idiots for theirs; but in neither case can it be admitted that detailed accounts of the poor creatures' peculiarities are either pleasant or profitable to read about. In this tale, however, it must be acknowledged that advantage is taken of the drunken husband's sad infirmity to introduce some telling situations, illustrate some excellent traits of character, teach some sound and wholesome lessons. In a few words, the gist of the story lies in the marriage of a very superior young woman with a very handsome man, who used to have neuralgia very badly, and could obtain no relief, could do no work, would go stark mad, unless he drank too much, and occasionally got dead drunk, to his peerless wife's inexpressible horror and disgust, so that she grew to hate him. There is a little more tale to tell; not much, but much nicer than the rest, bringing out the noble qualities of a truly good as well as beautiful woman, who was far more admirable than the wife. The poor wife, nevertheless, was certainly placed in a very disagreeable position. It might be well, perhaps, if young women, in view of married life, were to take a few lessons at a hospital in the manner of dealing with the intoxicated (just as some of them already do in cases of apparent drowning and accidents of all kinds), so as to become accustomed to the shocking sight as well as to the management of neuralgic patients under the influence of alcoholic remedies. Sad to relate, the neuralgic drunkard is supposed to be an Irish M.P.

There should be no need of much pleading in favour of *Baylerbay, or, Strangers in Turkey*: by Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fife-Cookson (Chapman and Hall); for the author should be pretty well known as an author of what is profitable as well as entertaining to read. On this occasion his two volumes are a commixture of fact and fiction; the military operations and geography (with the exception of an imaginary village, Baylerbay), as well as the names of certain Russian and Turkish Generals, being "strictly in accordance with facts," and the rest of the contents, it may be presumed, equally strictly in accordance with fiction. The time, then, is the period of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877; the scene shifts from Bucharest to Constantinople, and, to speak very generally, to "the East," with a short description of the desperate struggle at the Shipka Pass, and other more or less exciting military incidents. The romantic requirements of the novel (for so it is called, and such it is) are supplied, for the most part, by a Captain Thirlwell, who, of course, applies for an appointment (not so easy to obtain, as is commonly supposed) in the Turkish army, and by a Miss Clara Belmont, who, equally of course, goes out to nurse (and captivate) the sick and wounded. The gallant Captain and the lovely young lady meet, first of all, on board a Marseilles steamer, and, not for the last time, in the Good Samaritan Hospital at Adrianople, where he, being wounded, is visited by her, and is almost cured on the spot by her assurance that her "engagement with Mr. Sipperton" has been "broken off, at his own suggestion." As for Mrs. Leviton, the fair Clara's friend and chaperon almost, it is impossible to think very highly of her and of her conduct—so far as the poor Major was concerned, at any rate; indeed, she is one of those ladies who cause the cynic to speak disdainfully of the real reasons which set the maids and matrons of merry England flying off to foreign parts in apparent imitation of Miss Florence Nightingale's genuine example.

To be enlightened and amused at the same time is the very height of enjoyment in reading, and in the collection of stories entitled *A Stork's Nest*: by John Fulford Vicary (Frederick Warne and Co.), that combination of delights is to be found. The volume is called "pleasant reading from the North," and nobody is likely to quarrel with the designation. The several items of the collection are translations of sketches which bear witness to the literary gifts and intellectual or humorous or satirical qualities of various Danish or Norwegian writers; and the "stork's nest," which is printed on the title-page in letters of the alphabet, and represented pictorially on the cover, has little or nothing to do with the stories themselves, but was chosen simply because it would suggest to a Dane "home and domesticity." With this premonition, the public may be invited to fall to without delay.

AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD, ABROAD MY VADE MECUM. THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.



A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol at home, my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that when taking it I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

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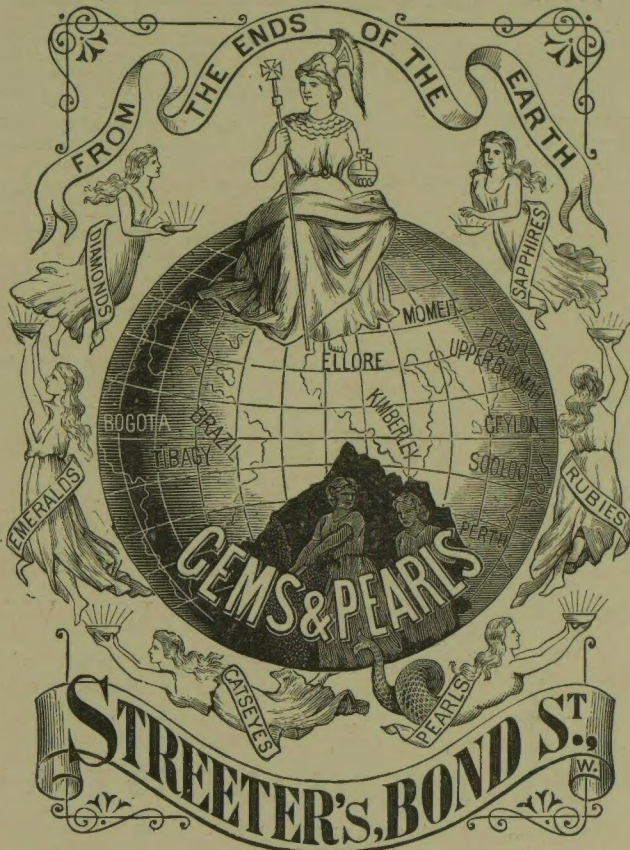
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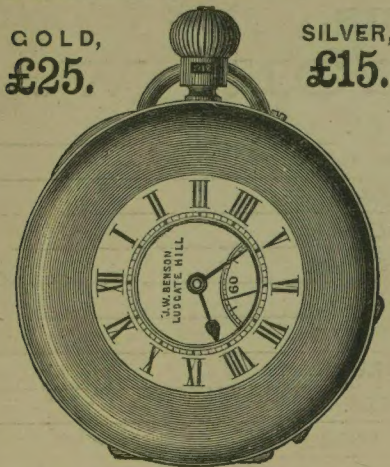


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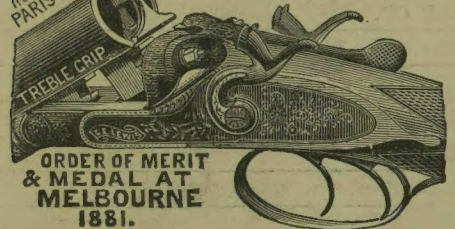
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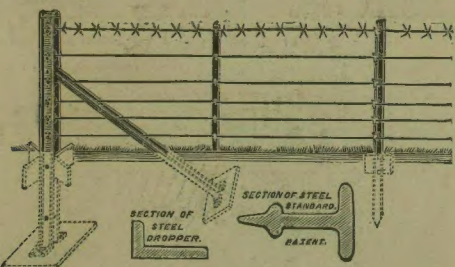
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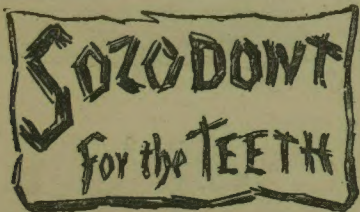
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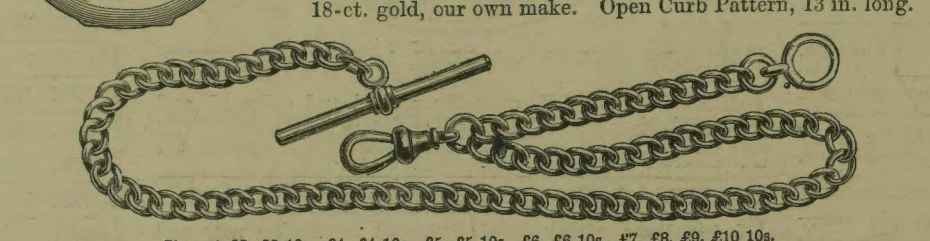
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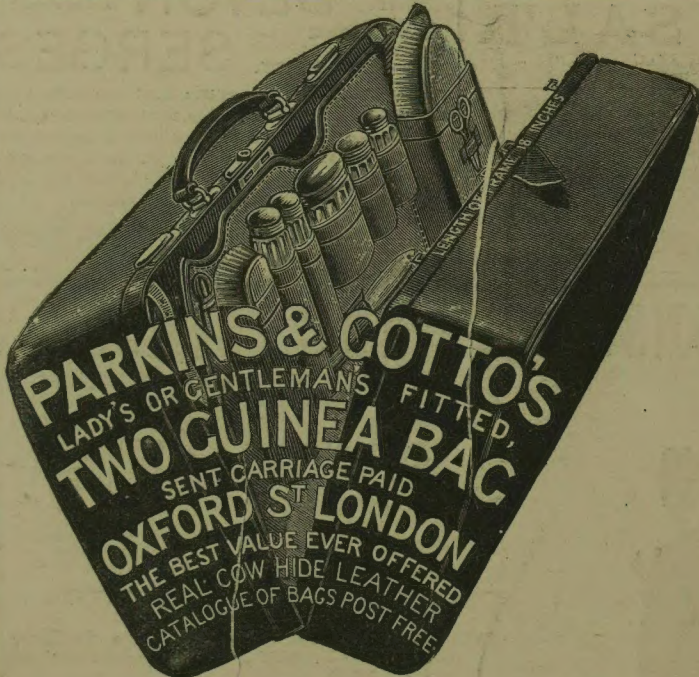
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